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Family Heat™

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HORNY AUNTS

So what if he's her sibling's son? He's hot and she wants to fuck him!

WE BOTH WANT IT

Stepping up behind my aunt, I wrapped my arms around her to grasp her breasts through her blouse, and I bumped my crotch against the back of her jeans. "We both know what we want, Aunt Olga," I rasped. "So, let's stop wasting time and do something about it."

She froze, and I thought I'd completely misread her signals and had created serious family problems for me. But she was frozen from lust, no surprise, and she abruptly took my hands off her tits, turned around and jammed her lips against mine. Clutching her butt cheeks, I thrust my tongue into her mouth and she slipped a hand between my thighs.

We kissed hungrily for a long, delicious moment, and she was all but shaking with lust when we broke our kiss. "We can't do this so close to a window, Jared. The neighbors know we're related."

"Take me to your bedroom," I said, giving her rear another squeeze. We started up stairs, and she unbuttoned

her blouse along the way. I tried to undo her bra, but she pulled away from me and opened the back strap herself as we stepped into her bedroom.

The bra dropped off her big boobs onto the bed, and I watched her step out of her skirt. Wearing only panties, my aunt laid down and looked up at me, her eyes filled with heavy lust.

"Now, show me what you have, Jared." She rubbed her hands over her breasts and slipped one hand under her panties, and I told her to take them off. "No, that's your job."

My aunt withdrew her hand and held it up, showing me that she was already wet. My half-hard cock stiffened all the way as I struggled to get out of my pants and underpants. She sat up and blew a kiss at my prick as I stepped over to her, and she seized my dickshaft as I got on the bed with her.

"I knew you'd have big one," she cooed, squeezing gently. "Do your girlfriends give good head?"

Suddenly, I was helpless with lust. Through the haze of my horniness, I was dimly aware that she had taken charge of the sex. Who was seducing whom?



"She sat up and blew a kiss at my prick as I stepped over to her, and my aunt seized my dickshaft as I got on the bed with her. 'I knew you'd have big one,' she cooed, squeezing gently."

Before I had another second to ponder the matter, my aunt swooped down into my lap and thrust her open mouth over my hard-on.

Kneeling, she took me into my cock hair. She brushed her bare nipples against my thighs as she sucked me to a very intense orgasm, and she gulped down every spurt I shot out. Sliding up on the bed, she raised her knees and spread her thighs, laying a hand over her pussy mound.

"You know what to do now, don't you, Jared?"

I wasn't the most experienced man in the world, but I'd been around enough to know what she meant without having to ask. I crawled between her legs and slid my hands under her ass as I pushed my face against her wet pussy. My aunt uttered a passionate moan and kicked up her feet, and I sucked her labia and licked around her pussy until she was moaning at me to make her cum.

Thrusting two fingers into her cunt, I licked up to the top of her slit, nudged aside the little skin over her clit and licked around it. Shrieking, she kicked her legs straight up and pushed her pussy at my face, and she rocked from side to side as she came enough to soak my chin and the back of my hand.

"Your girlfriends taught you well, Jared," she laughed when she could breathe normally again. "My compliments to the girlfriend."

Even if I wasn't so horny I couldn't

speaking, I wouldn't have mentioned that the "girl" in question was only a few years young than my forty-plus aunt. My first time with an older woman showed me that experience definitely does count, and I learned enough to take back to younger girls.

Still, it was the older ones that really got me going, and I'd been horny for my aunt for over a year before I finally decided to do something about it. Shaking, I climbed over her but she rolled out from under me and told me to get on my back. She climbed over me, squatting over my crotch, holding her pussy an inch or so over my cockhead.

Gripping my stiff prick around the bottom, she rubbed my dickhead along her labia, and I wriggled around in an attempt to center my dickhead in her slit. But she kept moving aside, stroking herself with my cock and murmuring about how a hard penis makes such a wonderful sex toy.

"Please," I moaned. "I'm going to explode if you don't—oh, yeah."

She abruptly pushed down, catching my dickhead between her cunt lips. She paused for a moment then pushed down more, and my cock slid up into her pussy. Her breasts swayed as she leaned over me, and I closed my hands over them and jammed my palms against her nipples. Squeezing my cock with her inner muscles, she humped up and down and I bucked up to meet her pace. Soon, the sounds of groaning bed

springs accompanied our grunts and gasps of ecstasy, and my aunt started to cum just as I thought I couldn't hold back my load another second.

With her pussy churning and squeezing madly, there was no way I could have stopped my cock from shooting off. Her pussy juice rained down on my cock and balls as my cum rode up into her, and when our shared climax diminished, I slumped down over her until I felt my softening prick slip out.

For a few minutes we lay silently side by side, and then I got up to go to the bathroom. My aunt was lying with her legs open when I returned, and I felt my cock twitch at the sight.

"You were right when you said we both wanted it, but of course, I had no idea how to approach you. There would be no end of trouble!"

Jared
Connecticut

WE'RE GOING TO FUCK

My nephew ogled my naked body as he undressed, and I blew a kiss at his cock and balls as he pulled down his underpants. I was standing beside my bed, and as he approached, he cast me a curious look.

"Aren't you going to lie down, Aunt Grace?"

"No, we're going to try something new tonight, Ian. Stay right where you are." I sauntered up to him slowly, shaking my hips. He reached for my breasts, but he pulled his hands away. "You can have these later. Right now, I want you to put on a rubber."

"What are we going to do?"

"We're going to fuck, Ian. Now, will you please dress your cock and come over to me? You know where I keep the condoms."

My nephew dutifully took out the box and drew out one of the foil packets. I involuntarily reached for my pussy as I watched him pull the condom over his rather long erection, and I seized his protected prick as he stepped back to me.

Throwing my arms around his shoulders, I pressed my nipples against his bare chest and pressed my pussy against his dickhead. "This is called a stand-up fuck," I purred. You're strong and I'm flexible, so we can do this with no problem."

Actually, I wasn't sure our first attempt would go so smoothly. Tightening my grip around his shoulders, I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist, and he clutched my ass cheeks. Moving with his hips, he lined his prickhead up with my pussy and pushed in.

Easier than I thought, he'd embedded his stiffness in me. I humped up and down, held up by his hands on my ass. His cockshaft slid directly over my G-spot and brushed my clit, and my vaginal muscles clamped down on my nephew's cock as I climaxed. He started to cum as my orgasm peaked, and we gasped and groaned together until his cock started to soften.

I unwrapped my legs and stepped back, and his prick slipped out of my soaked pussy. "I think we can take a break after that, Ian."

"That was a hell of a workout, Aunt Grace."

"Yes it was, and could you please stop calling me 'aunt?'"



"Tightening my grip around his shoulders, I lifted my legs and wrapped them around his waist. Moving with his hips, he lined his prickhead up with my pussy and pushed in."

Our affair began by accident while we were working out in my basement gym. Heat had been building between us since he first came to stay with me for the summer, and a month later I had to admit to myself that I was horny for him. I guess my feelings somehow made themselves known to him, because he started to look at me in a whole new way.

I started wearing skimpier leotards, and that afternoon he seemed to be unable to take his eyes off my partially exposed rear end. He was wearing tight briefs that clearly outlined his cock and balls, and I felt a powerful surge of lust. We were side by side on narrow benches, and the top strap of my leotard shifted a little to partially bare my breast.

For a moment we just stared at each other, reading our need in each other's eyes, and then he stepped off the bench. Looking straight at his crotch, I freed my breast and murmured, "Take those off, Ian."

He nodded, gripped his briefs started to pull them down and then stopped. "Will you take that off?"

I slid off the bench and wriggled out of the leotard and then the panties I had on under it. My nephew's cock sprang up hard as he yanked down the exercise briefs and jock strap, and I sat back down on the bench.

As he stepped over to me, I threw my arms around his waist and slid my

hands down to his buttocks. I kissed the tip of his prickhead and opened wide, and he slid his cock into my opened mouth. I first wanted to suck him to completion, but feeling his erection in my mouth made me want it in my pussy instead.

I drew his cock out slowly and got up on all fours on the bench. He climbed up behind me and thrust a hand between my thighs, opening my pussy slit and guiding in his cock with his free hand. I humped back at him as I felt his dickhead enter me, and he leaned over me to clutch my breasts firmly as we started to fuck.

Our feelings for each other were well out in the open now, and he surprised me with spontaneous sex at odd times of the day. I was seeing a man my age at the same time, but I had no problem keeping my incestuous affair secret. My nephew knew about the other man, and I liked to tease him by talking about what we did together.

When we tried a new position, I took it back to my nephew. A standing-up fuck was our newest, and Ian suggested that it would be great to do in the shower as we lay together.

"I suppose we could," I said, "but I really feel like oral sex right now."

"We could do that standing up, too, Grace, as soon as I get it up again."

"That won't be very long, Ian." I climbed over him and rubbed my breasts along his stomach and took his

half-hard cock between my breasts. Like any twenty-three-year-old, he got hard again sooner than soon. We stood up and faced each other, and he said we'd better practice on the bed.

Lifting me by the hips, he helped me turn over so my legs were over his shoulders and my pussy was right under his face, and his hard cock was pointed right at my mouth.

"I like this, but I don't know how long I can remain upside down, Ian."

"We'd better work fast, Grace."

I couldn't quite stay upside down long enough to climax from his mouth, but I did manage to suck the cum out of his cock. We collapsed on the bed, and as he got between my legs, I mentioned that my other lover and I had been discussing anal sex.

"Sounds interesting, Grace." With that, my nephew jammed his face against my sex.

Grace
Idaho

WE APPRECIATE IT

When our aunt walked in on me as I was about to fuck my sister, I thought we were in a world of trouble. Sandra yanked the sheets over her head and turned over, burying her face in her pillow, and I grabbed for my briefs and covered my crotch.

"Uh, this isn't what it looks like," I said lamely. "We're just—I mean—like wrestling—"

"With no clothes on, Gary? Is this side of the family getting into nudism?"

"Oh, God, oh, no," my sister gasped into the pillow.

"Oh, yes, and never mind about God,"

our aunt said. "And it is what it looks like."

"Well, listen, Aunt Delila," I stammered, trying desperately to come up with an innocent-sounding explanation. "We, uh, we—"

"Got horny for each other, so you decided to do something about it."

I was trying not to look at her, but she stepped around the bed so I couldn't avoid looking up at her. Instead of the shocked, horrified look I expected, our aunt was grinning from ear to ear.

She continued, "Well, you certainly look cute together. And very hot, too. Sandra, you're going to suffocate if you keep your face covered like that."

Our aunt wasn't shocked or horrified. She was clearly amused, and I realized she was feeling something else when she snatched my briefs off my crotch and gazed at my exposed cock and balls.

"Are you, uh, I mean, are you okay with this?" my sister asked meekly, turning over.

"Yes, I'm very okay." Our aunt's eyes widened as she gazed at Sandra's naked body. She glanced at my cock and then at her pussy. "Tell me, Sandra. Have you ever done it, or thought about doing it, with another girl?"

"Well, yes. I mean, I like girls, too."

"That's good to hear," the older woman chuckled. "As it happens, I like girls, too. And guys."

She glanced at my cock and balls again. Our aunt was staying with our parents while our house was being renovated, and Sandra and I thought it was safe to carry on our little affair. We were always the first ones awake, and we thought we had at least an hour of play time before our parents woke up. It never occurred to us to wonder if our aunt was also an early riser. She was wearing a

"Saying she wanted to help, my sister sat by our aunt's hip. I slid between the older woman's legs, and my sister gripped my prick and guided my dickhead into our aunt's pussy slit."

long nightgown under her robe, which she took off. The nightgown came off next, and my sister and I gasped in chorus at the sight of our aunt's naked and well-care-for body.

I was still stunned, but my sister had apparently recovered from the surprise. Licking her lips, she spread her thighs, and I noticed that my aunt's gaze dropped immediately to her pussy. My cock was harder than ever, and I reached for our aunt as she got on the bed.

"Your turn will come soon enough, Gary. Right now, your sister and I have some business to attend to."

Flattening out on her naked stomach, our aunt slid between my sister's legs and shoved her hands under Sandra's ass cheeks. I sat up and watched as she licked around Sandra's cunt and finger-fucked her, and the whole room smelled like female heat when my sister climaxed wetly.

My prick was so hard it seemed to have gotten longer by the time our aunt crawled out from between Sandra's legs. Sandra slid to one side and our aunt stretched out on her back, spreading her legs. Saying she wanted to help, my sister sat up by our aunt's hip. I slid between the older woman's legs, and my sister gripped my prick and guided my dickhead into our aunt's pussy slit.

"Now, just push, Gary," she breathed, dropping a hand between her thighs and clutching her cunt. "I can't believe how hot this is!"

I could believe it just fine. I thrust with my hips, and my sister squealed with delight as she watched my cock slide into our aunt's cunt. For an older woman she was about as tight as my sister, and I could feel my cum start to rise as her pussy muscles clutched my hard-on. I was afraid I was going to cum too fast, but my sister helped by reaching between us and lightly stroking our aunt's clit as I fucked her furiously. Letting out a deep and rather unfeminine moan, the older woman started to climax. Her churning pussy muscles literally dragged the cum out of me, and I shot off copiously.

My sister dove between our aunt's legs the instant I rolled off her, and she licked my cum out of the older woman's pussy.

"We'd better get respectable," our aunt chuckled as she got up and put her nightgown back on. "I don't think my sister would appreciate this."

"Well, we appreciate it," my sister giggled.

Gary
Indiana

DON'T CALL ME AUNT

My sister and her husband knew I was in the "business end" of amateur sex videos, but we never discussed it in detail and I saw no point in telling them that I occasionally got into the acting

end as well. When a particularly studly young actor was available, I arranged to have someone else work the camera while I did a scene with him. Since my relatives don't buy or rent such tapes, they didn't have to know that I liked to strip down and fuck during a shoot.

Of course, they never told their twenty-one-year-old son, who had grown from gawky to studly. He was as hot-looking as any of the men I performed with, but I was sure that my fantasizing sex with him would remain just that and nothing more. When I had dinner with my family, I lusted for him silently. My work wasn't discussed very much, and my sister mentioned something about my nephew's having a part-time job. He didn't talk much about it, and I assumed it was the usual low-level kind of job.

The next week, I was asked to take on a new performer. My contact said he'd acted in several, meaning that he could get it up and keep it up. Many men think they can act in adult videos, but very few actually can go through with it. My contact arranged to have my newest cock come to my studio, and when I went to open my door to let him in, I found myself staring at my nephew.

"Wow, Aunt Marianne," he said. "I had no idea—would we, you know—"

"If you want," I purred, stepping over to him and tapping a fingertip at his crotch. "I heard that you have the right stuff for this. But, Jack, please don't call me 'aunt.'"

"Yeah, that's right. We shouldn't tell the world—what are you doing, A—Marianne?"

What I was doing was unzipping his

fly. I called to the camera person, a twenty-three-year-old blonde who sometimes liked to hand over the camera duties and joined in, and told her to get the camera rolling.

Standing in the middle of the improvised living room set, I took off my nephew's pants and underpants, and he yanked off his shirt as I knelt to suck his cock. My blonde assistant rushed over to tape the sight of his penis entering my mouth. I sucked him until he climaxed, and the next scene showed him fucking me doggy-style.

Annie, my assistant, was practically panting as she taped the fuck, hovering around us. When my nephew was finally spent, I told him to lie on his back. Annie put the camera up on a tripod and set up another so we could be taped from different angles, and then she stripped and got down on the floor on the other side of my naked nephew.

Leaning over him, I fed him a nipple while she ran her hand over his cock, and she let out a squeal of delight as it popped up hard in her grasp. Turning on her tummy, she nestled her chin over his thigh and took his prick into her mouth. "Don't be greedy," I chuckled.

She withdrew his cock and handed it to me, and I sucked it briefly before handing it back. I originally planned to have us fuck him in tandem, but we stimulated him too much and he started to cum in her mouth. Quickly, she passed his spurting prick to me and I aimed it at my tits and hers. When he was drained, we licked each other clean and seeing that naturally made him rock-hard again.

Pushing him on his back, I straddled

"I took off my nephew's pants and underpants, and he yanked off his shirt as I knelt to suck his cock. My blonde assistant rushed over to tape the sight of his penis entering my mouth."

his waist and my assistant held his cock up for me as I pushed my sex down over it.

My assistant reached for her pussy and commented, "No doubt, a star is born!"

Marianne
Oklahoma

NOW, FUCK

My aunt was alone in the family sauna, and she took off her towel as I stepped in with her. Parting her thighs, she lifted a leg and planted her foot on the edge of the bench. Closing the door behind me and latching it, I stepped in front of her and pulled down my jogging shorts. She leaned toward me and nestled my prick in her palm, nodding approval as she let go and sat back.

Apparently, she had been masturbating. Her cunt was wet from more than just sweat, and her lips seemed spread. I guessed that she'd taken her fingers out when she heard me open the door. I folded my towel and knelt on it, and I eagerly lapped her juices.

"We don't have much time, Mick. They'll be home in about an hour, and if I know my sister, she'll come right here."

"Good, we'll hurry," I mumbled, and then I thrust my tongue into her slit. I reached for her breasts as I tongue-

fucked with short, sharp jabs and pulled back to finger her to climax.

"Now, fuck," she rasped. "Sit down."

She stood up, and I took her place on the bench. Turning her back to me, she lowered her ass and told me to hold my prick up. I grasped her hips and helped guide her cunt slit to my prickhead, and she made that hoarse sound she always utters when my prickhead pops between her pussy lips. I slid my hands up to her pendulous breasts, lifting them and rubbing my thumbs over her nipples as she sank down until I could feel her labia against my scrotum.

"Now, quick," she rasped. She lifted a little and I bucked up to meet her, and we started fucking faster and faster, my ass hitting the bench at each of her down-strokes. "Now, get me off fast. You know that if—"

I immediately dropped my hand to her pussy and squeezed her clit between two fingers the way she'd showed me. Her pussy clamped down around my prick, and her cunt juice flowed down over my crotch. My cum burst out all at once, and she pulled herself up off me.

Glancing at her watch on the bench beside her she said, "Half an hour. Get into the shower now."

When my parents came home, we were fully dressed and sitting a very respectable distance apart.

"How did everything go today, Mick?" my mother asked.

"Nothing to report," I replied.

Michael
Rhode Island

THE TIGHTEST HOLE

My nephew feels comfortable about discussing his problems with me, particularly his girlfriend problems. He was very hot for his latest coed crush, and he was concerned he wasn't wild enough for her.

"And she wants me to fuck her ass, too, Aunt Nancy, but I don't know how to do that. And I feel funny about telling her I don't know."

"Well, she shouldn't hold that against you, Calvin," I assured him. "And some guys would be delighted to find a woman who'd let them fuck her back there. You know it's called the 'tightest hole,' don't you?"

"I've heard that, and it sounds good."

"It's very good," I said emphatically. "Now, recall how I taught you to eat pussy?"

"Sure! And she said I'm good at it."

"So, I can teach you how to ass-fuck, too."

I got out a tube of lubricant and a box of condoms. My nephew was already naked when I came back to the bedroom, and his cock sprang up hard as I stepped out of my panties.

"Lie down," I instructed, climbing up

next to him. I slipped a rubber over his cock and straddled his waist. "First, you fuck her pussy a little to get her more open, and she'll be wetter back there."

Of course I made him cum. He practiced cunnilingus again and was hard enough for the main event. The next lesson was in lubricating the girl, using his mouth, the lube and his fingers, and he turned out to be more adept than I thought.

Rather than fumbling, he slipped his lube finger into my rear. I felt myself open a little, and I told him to put in a second finger. "Okay, now I'm open enough. Put on a fresh rubber and lube it up." I turned on my side, my back to him. "And this is the safest position for a first-time ass fuck, Calvin."

"Uh, yeah, I was afraid of safety."

I looked over my shoulder and watched as he eased his cock between my butt cheeks, and I pushed back at him a little as I felt his dickhead touch my anus. "Now, push," I said, and I gritted my teeth at the initial pain as his prickhead popped through.

The rest was pure pleasure. He reached over me and finger-fucked me as he fucked my rear, and we climaxed together.

"So, think you know what to do now, Calvin?"

"Let's just say that a certain girl is in for quite a pleasant surprise!"

Nancy
Pennsylvania

"Lie down," I instructed my nephew. I slipped a rubber over his cock and straddled his waist. "First, you fuck her pussy to get her more open, and she'll be wetter back there."



BROTHER-FUCKERS

Horny siblings declare that incest is the best sex!

WHY IS THIS SO HARD?

I was just about to have a nice, long jerk-off session when my twenty-year-old sister walked into my room and sat at the edge of my bed. She was wearing pajamas, and the top was unbuttoned halfway down. Since she was turned slightly sideways to me, I could see her breasts.

"I'm horny, Matt," she announced, and then she pulled the blanket off me. My hand was still on my crotch, and she smiled and licked her lips. "And so are you. What's say we fuck?"

"We're, like, brother and sister, Lanny," I stammered. She unbuttoned the top the rest of the way and yanked it open. The sight of her small breasts and long red nipples made my cock stand up, and she grabbed it.

"And why is this so hard if you don't want me?" she purred, tightening her grip. "Let me help you calm down."

"Calm me? What are you talking—"

Before I could say "about," she swooped down over my lap and engulfed my hard-on, closing her mouth tightly around it and shoving her

free hand under my ass. I felt her fingers push into my butt crack, and she started sucking harder. One touch of her fingertip on my anus made me start to cum, and she kept sucking and swallowing until my cock softened and she let it flop out.

"Now you're 'calm,' but I'm not, Matt." She got off the bed, took off her pajama top and yanked down the bottoms, kicking them off her feet. I could see her pussy slit as she raised a leg. "So, now it's your turn. Do you know anything about eating pussy?"

I replied solemnly, "I believe, at the age of twenty-one, I certainly should know how."

"Really? Lots of guys can't do it right no matter how old they are. And you haven't had that many girlfriends, right? Do you have one now?"

"I don't see how that's any of your business, Lanny." I didn't have a girlfriend and hadn't for nearly three months. With another month to go before we were back in college, I was sure that would make it four solid months.

"Maybe Arlene broke up with you because you couldn't eat her out right?"



Storemags.com

"My sister raised her feet straight up as I pushed my hard-on through the tightness of her cunt, and she threw her arms around me as I started stroking."

Now I was pissed off. "She moved to another state for another school! And yes, I ate her out right. I know damn well how to do it, because Aunt Erisia taught me!"

I clapped my hand over my mouth, and my sister broke out in a fit of giggling. "I know she did," she blurted out. She giggled again and continued, "She's the one who taught me, too!"

"Wait a minute. Are you saying—"

"I'm saying that I want to see what she taught you." She stretched out on the bed and lifted her legs, grasping her ankles and rocking back. And about rimming, too."

I bellied down in front of her, both sex holes wide open for me. Grasping her hips, I pulled myself forward until I had my face against her ass crack, and I felt her whole body shudder as I pressed the tip of my tongue against her butthole. I licked around it hard then dragged my tongue up to her pussy. Letting out a little squeal of passion, she lowered her legs and I felt her heels against the small of my back.

As our aunt taught me, I tongue-fucked and licked, and when my mouth was full of the taste of her cunt, I slipped in two fingers and nudged my lips to the top of her slit. I licked around her love-button, and she shifted her hips so that my tongue was directly on it. Apparently, she preferred direct stimulation. I pressed down and she started to cum, digging her heels into my back.

When she pulled back from me, I rolled out from between her legs and sat up. She lay back, her small breasts rising and falling as she breathed hard, and she grinned as she sat up.

"So, you can eat cunt. Now, about fucking—"

Seizing her by the shoulders, I pushed her down on the sheets and thrust a hand between her thighs. "This is what," I said, slipping in a finger and just as quickly withdrawing it. I got up and fetched a rubber from my dresser, and she took it from me as I got back on the bed.

Neatly, she slid the condom over my cockshaft. I was surprised. "Do you do this often, Lanny? I mean, how many guys already?"

"Just two guys so far. I practiced on Auntie's dildo and a banana. That's how I practiced cocksucking, too."

I pushed her down again and got on top of her, and she kicked up her legs again as I popped my dickhead through her wet, open, pussy slit. My sister raised her feet straight up as I pushed my hard-on through the tightness of her cunt, and she threw her arms around me as I started stroking.

We kissed, her tongue deep in my mouth, and I laid a hand over her breast and rubbed my sweaty palm over her nipple. She started to cum, her pussy crunching down on my cock like she was jerking me off with her cunt, but thanks to the blow job I was able to hold back.

"Do you always fuck on top?" she teased. "That's kind of old-fashioned." I immediately pulled out and got on my back. "Much better!"

I held her hips as she climbed over my waist, and she spread her cunt lips as she lowered her cunt to my prick-head. Tease that she is, she put just the head inside and gripped the shaft to keep more from sliding up into her. I bucked against her hand, she giggled, I bucked again and she giggled again, and then she let go and my prick rode right up into her.

Her second climax made it impossible for me to hold back my own. As her climax subsided, she slumped over me and then turned so we were side by side.

"By the way, did Auntie teach you about ass-fucking, too, Matt?"

Matthew
Idaho

OUR BROTHER'S COCK

As we expected, our brother rushed right up to his room when he came home. That gave my sister and I plenty of time to get ready for him, and we were sitting side by side on the couch when he came back downstairs. All he could see was the top of our heads at first, and he shuffled up to the couch as usual.

And then he stopped short, staring down at us with his mouth wide open.

Corinne and I were naked on the bottom, and we each had a dildo down there. "Is something wrong, Ralph?" I asked.

My sister grunted as she slipped the

fake cock further in, and she closed her eyes as she started to frig herself rapidly.

"You...you're masturbating, Cleo!" he sputtered at me. "And you're both naked!"

Corinne opened her eyes and said, "No, we're not. You can't see our tits, right?"

I commented, "And you masturbate a lot, too, Ralph."

"Yeah, but not in front of everyone."

"That's because you're a prude. Come on, take your cock out," my sister urged.

"I think you two are just weird."

Ignoring him, I turned to Corinne and suggested, "This will be even more fun if we do each other."

Our brother took a few steps back, but he made no attempt to leave the room. He just kept staring down at us, and I spread my thighs a little more to give him a better look at my heart-shaped pussy hair.

I took hold of Corrine's fake dick and she gripped mine, and we leisurely started to frig each other. Ralph stepped closer, bending a little for a closer look.

My sister giggled, "I think somebody has a hard-on. She gestured to his crotch. "Or else he's hiding something in there."

"Are you lesbians or something?" I noticed that his hands were shaking a little.

"Bisexual," I answered. "We like cock and pussy."

"But with each other, Cleo?"

"Why not?"

"Because you're related—you're sisters!"

"Yeah," Corinne said, "but we like each other."

"He stepped up in front of us, and I immediately grabbed his stiff prick and thrust it into my mouth. My sister slid next to me to suck my nipple as I sucked our brother's prick."

"Uh-huh." I let go of the fake cock in my sister's pussy. "And we like you, too."

Corinne pointed out, "You've seen ours, so let us see yours, too."

I knew that we had him, because he didn't run out and locked himself in his room. He mumbled something we couldn't make out and just stood there, so I got up and stepped in front of him. He dropped his gaze to my bare pussy, and then he looked up at me in surprise as I undid his belt and opened his pants.

My sister took off her top and bra, and his eyes widened at the sight of her round, jiggly breasts. Hefting her boobs, she pointed her nipples at him as I yanked down his pants.

"You know, I think he's even bigger than we thought," I observed, tapping a finger against the significant bulge in the crotch of his briefs.

"Well, let's see." My sister slid her hands down to her pussy.

I yanked down his briefs, and we both squealed in delight as his long, hard prick sprang up. He kicked his pants off his feet and nearly fell over, and my sister and I giggled. I took off my top and sat back down next to my sister, and our now half-naked brother just continued to stand there and stare.

"Take off that shirt and come over here," I demanded. "You know you want to."

He stepped up in front of us, and I

immediately grabbed his stiff prick and thrust it into my mouth. My sister slid next to me to suck my nipple as I sucked our brother's cock. I drew it out and passed it to her, and she lifted her face from my tit and engulfed his prick in what seemed like one motion.

"Don't make him cum right away," I advised. "We want to have more fun with him."

Ignoring me completely, my sister put her talented mouth to work and soon had him climaxing. She drew his still-spurting cock out and passed to me, and I managed to swallow the last few spurts.

"Oh, now you've done it," I said in a tone of mock disapproval. "What are we going to do for fun now?"

"We always have each other, Cleo."

She stretched out on the couch. I got on top of her, my face to her pussy and my pussy to her face, and we started to sixty-nine. We had just settled into a nice, slow rhythm when I glanced up and noticed that our brother was hard again. Lifting my face from Corinne's pussy, I asked, "Do you have any rubbers, Ralph?"

He ran upstairs and ran back down again with a box of condoms. "So, goes first?"

"I'm the eldest," I stated, although I was "eldest" by a year, twenty-two to Corinne's twenty-one, and I wasn't eldest in the family because my brother was twenty-four.

I got on my back on the couch, and my brother climbed over me. Corinne guided his prick into my pussy, and she climbed over my face as he pushed it in. She climaxed quickly, and I slid a hand down to my pussy as I felt our brother's cock start to throb. I started to cum as I gripped my mound, and my orgasm made Ralph fill the rubber.

"Remember, it's my turn to fuck next," my sister announced as she climbed off my face.

Cleopatra
Nevada

RISKY INCEST

I pulled my spent prick out of my sister's pussy and rolled off her, stretching out on my back and breathing hard. Gwen lay beside me, her small, shell-like breasts rising and falling with her breathing, and for a few minutes, neither of us could speak. Feeling the urge to pee I got up and went to the bathroom, and when I came back, my sister was sitting up in bed with her cell phone clapped to her ear.

From the way she was grinning, I could tell they were exchanging some hot gossip. Two years of college and turning age twenty hadn't made her any less of a gossipy chatterbox. She broke into a fit of giggling as I got back on the bed, and she seemed to be quivering with delight as she finished the call.

"Wow, Edie is so crazy, Nick. It's so cool!"

Rather than point out the contradiction, I asked, "What has she done?"

"She had sex with Glenn—"

"And how is her fucking her brother so different? You must have heard that can happen."

"You didn't let me finish. They did it when our aunt and uncle were around—I mean, they could have walked in on them any minute."

"Damn, that's taking a chance. What a shit-storm...where did all this happen?"

"At their country place. Aunt Jen and Uncle Alf were sitting by the pool, and our cousins were getting it on at the pool house."

I was familiar with the place since we'd visited there often. "That pool house is about twenty yards off, so I don't see how big a risk it was."

"But the parents were awake, and they might have looked for them."

"True. That's crazy enough."

My sister's eyes lit up, and I thought I could see her bare nipples stiffen. "And she said it was so hot. She came so hard!"

I was well aware of her sexual curiosity—when our cousin confided her incest affair, Gwen seduced me with very little effort. She'd been leading up to that, anyway, and I thought my feelings for her would stay just jerk-off fantasies until she jumped on my bed one night and seized my prick.

We'd been fucking ever since, and it should have occurred to me that my sister would want to match our cousin's little escapade. It didn't, though. Gwen later told me she'd been planning our risky sex from the moment she first heard about Cousin Edie's, and she planned her move for the following weekend, when our aunt and uncle would be coming for dinner.

Busy with my schoolwork and try-

"We started fucking slowly and silently, and when my sister let out a squeal as she climaxed, no one looked back at us and probably assumed she was reacting to something on the TV."

ing to keep my mind off my cock, I had no idea what my sister planned until we were halfway through dinner. She was sitting directly across from me at our huge dining table, and my long-legged sister lifted a foot and planted it on the seat of my chair. I slid forward, and she laid the sole over my crotch and pushed down.

Of course, our folks didn't notice. The usual family chatter flew around the table, and no one noticed that she wasn't sitting up straight. With my lap covered by the table cloth, no one could see the bulge that was growing in my crotch. Gwen rubbed a little and I wondered if she was going to make me cum, but she pulled her foot back and grinned at me.

After dinner, the whole family went to our living room. The older people settled in a huge couch by our TV, and my sister and I sat on a smaller sofa, like a love seat, at an angle to the couch but where we could see the TV set.

The older people couldn't see us unless they turned their heads to look, and as soon as our father turned out the lights, Gwen slipped a hand into my crotch and unzipped my fly. Pressing a fingertip to her lips, signaling silence, she pressed down and tugged at my belt. She lifted her skirt and leaned back, raising her legs as she pulled down her panties. I opened the top of my pants and pulled them partway

down, and she fished my stiff prick out.

As she clutched my cockshaft, I slipped a hand between her thighs and found her cunt by touch. I parted her pussy lips and slipped in a finger, and I heard her hiss sharply. I froze and looked up at the folks, but no heads were turned our way. I started stroking, thinking she would settle for just risky hand jobs, but she grabbed my wrist and yanked my hand free of her snatch.

She stood up slowly, keeping her eyes on the couch, and she stepped in front of me and turned around. Lifting her skirt, she glanced over her shoulder at my cock and nodded. Nervous but too horny to even think of stopping her, I grasped her hips and she reached under herself to hold my cock up as she lowered her pussy over it. I looked down and saw my dickhead pop into her slit, and then I looked up at the couch.

Everyone was intent on the show, whatever it was. We started fucking slowly and silently, and when my sister let out a squeal as she climaxed, no one looked back at us and probably assumed she was reacting to something on the TV screen. When my cum erupted, I had to keep from shouting out loud.

Gwen was right—risk made that cum super-hot!

Nicholas
Tennessee

SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE?

I had two problems last summer. One was how to seduce my brother, and the other was my bushy pubic hair. I had a red-hot bikini that revealed most of my tits, but the bottom looked like a small forest was growing from underneath it.

Morris seemed oblivious to the fact that I was a twenty-year-old woman with a pert behind and big, jiggly boobs. As often as I could I made sure he'd come on me when I was nearly naked, but he didn't seem to notice that I had a female body. Finally, I just gave up and decided to work on my other problem.

We were at our summer home, and I chose the day that our parents had set aside "for ourselves." That would leave Morris and I alone in the cabin, and he went out to jog around the area right after breakfast. With the cabin to myself, I set up in the small bathroom and took off my shorts and panties. I turned on the water in the tub, and a few drops hit my top, so I took that off as well.

Now naked, I sat on the toilet seat with scissors and comb. I combed my bush up and clipped the hairs down to stubble, and then I sat in the tub and thoroughly wetted the hair that was left. I felt a surge of horniness as I brushed my hand over my mound, and I was tempted to masturbate right then. Instead, I decided to wait until I finished shaving.

I sat at the edge of the tub and spread shaving cream over my mound, and my brother burst into the bathroom as I started to shave. He

was naked, preparing to shower after his run, and he turned and ran back out. I thought I'd freaked him out, but rather than run after him, I decided to keep shaving.

He came back in about a minute later, and I parted my thighs to show a little pink. His cock sprang up hard, and I didn't look up at him as I finished shaving my pubic hair to a landing strip.

"See something you like?" I purred, leaning back and spreading my thighs a little more. "Your prick seems to be enjoying the sight."

"I can't believe how hot...damn, Delores, you're my sister, but—"

"But nothing," I interrupted. "Come to my room, and don't bother getting dressed."

As soon as my room door closed behind us, I seized his prick and led him over to my bed with it. "I have rubbers if you don't."

"Ah, okay." He reached for me, and I darted out of his grasp and leaped up on the bed.

"Do you know how to eat pussy?"

Before I could say another word, he was face-down between my legs and proving that he did know how to eat cunt. Licking rhythmically, drawing alphabet letters over my mound, I was halfway to orgasm when he was up to "D." He slipped in finger and closed his lips over the top of my slit, and I climaxed wetly all over his face.

"Now," I gasped, "let's see what you can do with this." I tapped a fingertip to his cockhead and lay back, lifting my legs as he hovered over me. My brother slipped on the rubber, and I gripped his sheathed prick and popped the head into my pussy. He

"I tapped a fingertip to his cockhead and lay back, lifting my legs. My brother slipped on the rubber, and I gripped his prick and popped the head into my pussy."

pushed with his hips, easing his hard-on into the tightness of my snatch, and we started fucking hard.

When our parents returned, we were fully dressed and lounging around, the picture of innocence. Later, with our folks out of earshot, my brother said that they would be going away by themselves again next weekend.

"It's a date," I said.

Delores
Oregon

AMATEUR INCEST

The woman on the TV screen was wearing a silly-looking red wig, but a close up of her face left no doubt that the amateur porn actress was my twenty-two-year-old sister. I'd been secretly horny for her, and I thought that would always be a fantasy. I had no idea what a wild woman she was before I saw that video, and I had been sure she would freak if I even thought about having sex with her in her presence.

Now the rules had changed, so to speak, and I decided to confront her with the video and my feelings. My sister lives a few blocks from me and we visit often, so she wasn't surprised when I showed up the next evening. Fortunately, she was alone. I brought the tape and plugged it into her VCR, and I expected her to be shocked and embarrassed when her image came on the screen.

She wasn't shocked or upset. Grinning from ear to ear, she laid a hand over my lap and pressed down on my crotch. "I was wondering when you'd find out, Josh. I know you jerk off to porn. So, did you cum good from watching me fuck?"

What else could I do except stammer out my confessing lust for her? Laughing at my discomfiture, she unzipped my fly and pushed in a fingertip. "Now, Josh, if watching me fuck is a turn-on, what would actually fucking me be like?"

She got up from the couch and stripped in front of me. I got out of my clothes in a hurry, and my sister pranced over to her dresser. She took something from a drawer and trotted back to me.

"Here's another trick I haven't filmed yet, Josh. Just sit there, okay?"

My hard cock was sticking up from my lap. She knelt and I thought she was going to suck me off, but instead she drew a condom from the packet and placed the rolled disk in her mouth. I looked down in amazement as she gripped my cockshaft and pressed the condom against the head, and she slid her mouth down, covering my prick with the condom. She tightened the grip of her mouth and jerked her head back and forth, but instead of making me cum, she withdrew my prick and told me to sit where I was.

"I'll only be a minute," she said,

"Her wide-open cunt was right in front of my face. Clasping my hands over her ass cheeks, I pressed my whole face against my sister's pussy and thrust my tongue into her slit."

stepping across the room to her bookshelf. She moved a few books aside and did something I couldn't see. I was so horny that it didn't occur to me to ask her what she was doing or why we were going to fuck on the couch. The sight of her naked body flooded my mind as she stepped back to me, and she lifted a leg and planted a foot on the edge of the couch.

"Wet me up a little, okay, Josh?"

Her wide-open cunt was right in front of my face. Clasping my hands over her ass cheeks, I pressed my whole face against my sister's pussy and thrust my tongue into her slit. I licked deeply, pulled back and gave her a few tongue strokes before licking and fingering her to a quick orgasm.

"Very good, Josh. I was afraid I'd have to teach you."

"Do you mean you planned this, or—"

"No, I didn't plan anything. I was sure it was going to happen, eventually. If you hadn't found that tape, I would have showed it to you. Now, have you ever done a sitting fuck?"

She turned and started to sit, spreading her pussy lips. I held my cock up and watched as she lowered her pussy over it, and I took hold of her breasts as my prick bottomed out in my sister's cunt. She lifted up and pushed down, and I strained to keep up with the pace as we fucked rapidly. Feeling cum rise in my cockshaft, I quickly laid a hand over her pussy and

clutched the top of her slit. As I'd hoped, she started to cum immediately. The squeezing, massaging of her churning cunt muscles drained the cum right out of me, and I couldn't help yelling out loud as a super-intense orgasm ripped my whole body.

"Wow, Sis, you really drained me," I said when I could catch my breath. "You know, I wouldn't have said anything about that video, anyway."

"I knew you wouldn't, and I also knew you want to fuck me. Well, guess what? I wanted to fuck you, too. And see how you eat pussy—say, show me that wasn't just a lucky accident."

She stepped back up on the couch, and I got my mouth back on her pussy. After she came again I was ready to fuck again, and this time we did it in her bed with me on top. Well, we started that way. After she climaxed again, she told me to pull out and get on my back so she could ride me.

Two more intense orgasms later, I was thoroughly drained and so was she. "You know, Josh, I'll bet we really look good together."

"I hope so," I chuckled. "But how would we know?"

"By watching ourselves."

I eyed her naked body again as she stepped back to her bookcase and took down a small video camera. "See what I mean, Josh? You are now an amateur porn star!"

Joshua
Minnesota

THREE- COUSIN FUCK PARTIES

Two guys, one girl, two girls one guy—
first cousins race to see who cums first!

CUM IN HER MOUTH

I could hardly breathe, I was so excited. I had been looking forward to this moment for a week, thinking about it every waking minute and having wet dreams about it at night.

"Your cheeks are so pink," my cousin Layla said. She slipped her top over her head and off. "I'll bet your pussy is wet, too."

She had that right. I stripped down to my birthday suit and hopped onto the bed. My cousin undressed more slowly. I watched, enjoying the show. Smiling at me, she moved like an exotic dancer, her nipples fully blossomed and hard.

"Are you sure he's going to show up?" I asked.

Layla, now naked, fluffed her pubic bush with her fingers.

"Are you kidding?" she laughed. "He can't wait."

Another cousin was going to join us,

our cousin Michael.

"He can't believe his good luck," she said, "and he's just being cautious."

Michael said we should start without him. He didn't trust that we really wanted him for a threesome, thinking it was some kind of trick. When we were kids, Layla and I teased him mercilessly. Anything we did wrong, we blamed on him and we would go unpunished while he would pay the price. But we weren't kids anymore and we planned to give him what we said we would, the most memorable sex of his life.

"Damn, girl, you have an amazing body," I said.

My cousin Layla was now lying next to me in bed. I propped myself up on my elbow, leaning over her, scanning her nude form appreciatively. She fondled my boobs and tweaked my nipples.

"So do you," she replied.

We kissed, cradled in each other's arms, our tongues probing one another.



"He inserted the middle finger of his left hand into my cousin's pussy and the middle finger of his right hand into my pussy, and my cousin fingered us both at the same time."

er's mouth. I caressed her pussy and inserted my middle finger. Layla thrust at my hand, murmuring how much she enjoyed what I was doing to her. When she sucked my breasts, I moaned, too, and pumped her pussy faster.

If you asked me what I enjoyed more, being with a female or being with a male, I couldn't tell you. Those are equal pleasures, only surpassed by being with both sexes at once. How nice that Layla is just like me in that respect.

"I'm going to cum," she whispered excitedly, "rub my clit."

I massaged my cousin's clitoris while fingering her. Her pussy tightened around my thrusting digit, her wetness increasing and her pussy growing warmer inside. Then she lifted slightly, her eyes opened wide and her expression turned placid.

"Oh, baby," she sighed.

I didn't see him, but I heard him groan. My cousin Michael had arrived and had witnessed my bringing Layla to climax. When I turned to look at him, the first thing I saw was the growing wet spot in his pants. Michael had jizzed in his shorts.

"I guess the joke is on me," he said, embarrassed and covering the wet spot with his hand. "I really thought I was walking into a trap."

Michael needn't have been embarrassed. My cousin Layla and I were glad to see him, both eager for his dick and knew how to get him hard again. We wanted to double-team him.

"Well, I hope you can trust what you saw," I snickered.

"Oh, yeah," he replied, "that was hot!"

Layla and I got up and went over to our cousin in cum-drenched pants, flanking him at his sides. I kissed his neck and stuck my tongue in his ear and opened his pants. Layla opened his shirt and smoothed her hand over his chest.

"Is this hot, too?" I asked, sticking my hand inside his soaked jockeys.

"Big time!" he replied.

I yanked down Michael's pants and cum-drenched underwear and caressed his flaccid penis, which didn't stay flaccid long. His penis thickened and elongated and grew to be a magnificent-looking and feeling erection that throbbed in my fist.

"And getting even hotter," he grunted.

Layla beat me to his dick, quickly closing her lips around the tip and sliding them forward on Michael's hard shaft. She knelt at his feet, worshipping him with wet and wild oral.

"Does your dick feel good in her mouth?" I asked.

My cousin just grunted.

"That's what I thought," I giggled.

I stood behind Michael and rubbed myself against him. I gripped his buns and rubbed my pussy on his ass. I was very turned on. Naughtily, I fingered his rectum, pushing my finger just a wee bit in.

"Do you like this?" I asked, and wriggled my finger around.

"It's all right," he said, almost

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begrudgingly, because some guys don't like to admit they enjoy butt-play. However, he pushed back, causing my finger to go deeper into his ass.

"It's all right to cum in my mouth," Layla told him.

She was fingering her own pussy.

"Yeah, cum in her mouth," I encouraged. "She loves to swallow."

I twisted my finger around, going in and out, finger-fucking my cousin Michael in the ass and he shot his load down my cousin Layla's throat. She greedily gulped it all down!

"Holy fuck," he said, "that was awesome!"

He may have thought we were done with him, but we weren't.

"Now you have to do something for us," I said, "lick our pussies."

Layla and I lay on the bed next to each other, my right leg over her left leg. We spread our pussy lips open, showing our cousin pink. He stared like his eyes were going to pop out of his head and he got on the bed and straddled my leg over my girl cousin's. Then, he inserted the middle finger of his left hand into Layla's pussy and the middle finger of his right hand into my pussy and fingered us both at the same time. The expression on his face was priceless, his excitement showing, and he fingered us to orgasm and then licked us both out, going from one pussy to the other.

"Oh, yea, you're hard again," I said happily, noticing Michael's renewed erection.

And then we fucked his brains out, taking turns riding our cousin Michael's cock!

Kathy
Michigan

FUCKED IN TWO HOLES AT ONCE

I had always wanted to have a threesome with two men and me. I just never thought it would be with family members. My cousin Nicholas and I were hanging out and throwing back beers together, and I became talkative, blurting out things I normally wouldn't have, things about my sex life.

"I think I'm a nympho," I told him, "I like sex every which way!"

Nicholas peered at me, squinting, like he was studying me.

"Oh, yeah? How about anal sex? do you like that?"

My sphincter tightened up at just the thought, but not for a negative reason.

"Love it," I said. "I swear, I cum in my ass when ass-fucked."

My cousin contemplated what I had said. He was thinking hard and I could tell his thoughts were dirty by the look on his face.

"I would like to see that," he replied.

My cousin Jason came in just then. Jason is Nicholas's brother. He popped open a can of beer and sat down with us.

"So, what's up?" he asked.

And that's when I cracked up laughing, because I had just noticed that Nicholas had a hard-on.

"Your brother is up," I said.

Nicholas told Jason that we had been talking about butt sex and that I could cum in my ass.

"Oh, yeah?" he said.

And then I had two cousins with hard-ons, and seeing their hard-ons

"My cousin rubbed my asshole with his middle finger and slowly worked the finger into my butt. At the same time, his brother fucked my pussy with his finger."

made me wet. I took into consideration that they were my cousins, but what the hell, I thought, we were all adults with free will.

"Say, boys," I said sexily, "how would you both like to fuck me?"

And that is how I ended up in bed, sandwiched between Nicholas and Jason. They were all over me with their hands and their tongues. Holding on to both cocks, I stroked them. Nicholas rubbed my asshole with his middle finger and slowly worked the finger into my butt. At the same time, Jason fucked my pussy with his finger.

"Oh, yeah, boys, that's what I like," I said breathily.

I let them fondle me for a while, my pussy growing wetter and wetter, my heart racing and my breath pounding in my chest. I was aroused to a feverish pitch, writhing between my two cousins.

"You have a great ass," Nicholas complimented, "I can't wait to get my dick in it."

"I think I am ready," I told him.

I was more than ready. His dick was rock-hard and throbbed wildly in my fist.

"If I don't get my dick into your pussy soon, I'm going to cum all over your belly," Jason warned me, his dick hot to the touch.

"Well, we can't have that," I said, "at least not this time."

Actually, I love to be spunked on. I

once went to a bukkake party. I sat on a mat in the middle of the floor, naked and masturbating, while a group of horny, erect men watched and jerked off, shooting their loads on my body. I was covered with cum everywhere and climaxed so powerfully, I almost fainted.

I didn't need Nicholas to use lubrication. Instead, I had him wet me up with his tongue.

"Lick my ass," I told him, "slobber me up back there and then stick it in."

My motto is you've got to lick it where you want to stick it.

"Jason," I said, "lick my pussy!"

Double oral, double the pleasure. I writhed uncontrollably, pumping my ass back and forth, one tongue going into my pussy, then a tongue going into my ass, and back and forth like that again and again. Finally, delirious with pleasure, I was ready for my big wish to happen.

"Okay, boys," I rasped, now fuck me in both my holes at once!"

I was overcome by excruciating pleasure, wracked from head to toe, and I wailed in ecstasy until I lost my voice and could only moan. Receiving double-penetration was beyond my wildest fantasy and I will be forever grateful to my cousins Nicholas and Jason for being the first two men to fuck me in my ass and in my pussy at the very same blissful time!

Carrie
Indiana

I LOVE YOUR ASS

I went on a gambling junket to Vegas with my cousins Lisa and Jillian. Our fun started on the plane, soon after takeoff.

"You're not doing what I think you're doing," Jillian said to me.

We were sitting three together, me in the middle, Jillian on the aisle seat and Lisa the window seat. Jillian was watching the airline blanket I had covered myself with bobbing up and down.

"Oh, yes, I am," I said, smiling.

I had my hand down the front of my jeans and inside my panties, my fingers on my clitoris. I love masturbating in public places where there is a chance of getting caught. By the time our plane touched down in Las Vegas, my panties were saturated with my cum. Jillian and Lisa had left me to my pleasure, cramming themselves into one of the bathrooms to finger-fuck each other. My cousins and I were three women on the loose without our husbands or kids, and the idea was to have three days of all-girl-girl fun!

Once we were settled into our hotel suite and unpacked, we had lunch in our room and then snacked on pussy.

"Mmm, delish," I mentioned, having dipped into Lisa's gooey snatch with my tongue.

"Eat me up," she replied.

Normally, my cousins and I have to sneak around to enjoy our lesbian

indulgences. It was great to be naked together without worrying that someone else in the family would catch us.

"Oh, girl, keep it up," I said to Jillian, who was lapping at my honey pot.

We formed a three-cousin daisy chain on the hotel's king-size bed, each of us eating out a pussy while being eaten out. I lost count of my orgasms, and I might have cum a dozen times.

We hit the casinos next, going from one to another, downing the free drinks and playing the slots and sitting at the roulette tables. We'd win, we'd lose, and in the end pretty much broke even. Then we returned to our hotel suite and cuddled up in our huge bed together, rubbing against one another.

"I love your ass," Lisa said, humping my butt.

"Lick it," I replied, "toss my salad."

Lisa slid down on the bed to bury her face in my rear. She licked up and down inside my crack and licked my asshole and sucked on it. Then she worked my anus open with her finger.

"Oh, you know I like that," I said, "a lot!"

I had my hand on Jillian's big boobs. I sucked one and then the other and squeezed her nipples, and pulled them, twisting back and forth.

"Keep doing that and I will have a nipple cum," she asked in a pleading voice.

I am so glad I was born a woman. Women can cum in so many ways, with

"While I fucked myself with the vibrator, enjoying the feel of the nubs in my pussy, I delighted in watching my cousins fuck each other with a two-headed dildo."

or without penetration and sometimes without even having our pussies touched. While receiving a finger up my butt and playing with Jillian's titties, I squeezed my pussy again and again, clenching and unclenching.

We split our time in Las Vegas between gambling, shopping and sight-seeing and having wild, unbridled lesbian sex. On one of our shopping excursions, we came across a sex shop and spent our gambling winnings on toys and kinky stuff to play with, then hurried back to our hotel to try them all out.

"I can't wait to see how this feels," I said, holding up a battery-operated latex vibrator that had little nubs all along and around the shaft. Turning it on and pressing the tip against my clit, I said, "It feels very good so far."

While I fucked myself with the vibrator, enjoying the feel of the nubs in my pussy, I delighted in watching Lisa and Jillian fuck each other with a two-headed dildo.

"I'm glad we got the fat one," Lisa said, her cheeks flushed and eyes glassy.

"I have never felt so stretched," Jillian replied breathily.

Lisa's favorite toy was a double-vibrator. She inserted one vibrator into her pussy and the other thinner vibrator into her rectum and vibrated herself in two holes at once.

"Oh, my God," she shrieked, "this could become habit-forming."

Jillian and I watched, fascinated as Lisa, grinning, writhed and twisted and shimmied, cumming in her ass and pussy at the same time. Meanwhile, our fingers were busy in each other's snatch.

"We have to get away together like this more often," Jillian said.

"Yeah," I agreed wholeheartedly.

Jillian's favorite toy was the clit stimulator. You slip it on like panties and it fits snugly over the clitoris and vibrates you into a cum-stupor if you let it. Jillian praised it highly.

"I'm wearing this baby on the plane ride home," she said, probably remembering me masturbating on the plane to Vegas.

"Nothing like cumming in the clouds," I told her.

My favorite toy was the strap-on dildo. I loved walking around with my dick sticking out in front of me. I had both Lisa and Jillian suck it and you would think my cousins were giving head for real by the way they got into it. Then I fucked them both, going from one pussy to the other until I got them both off several times and myself as well.

"Don't forget, girls," I said in the cab to the airport on our departure day, "what happens in Las Vegas stays in Las Vegas."

My cousins and I have a dirty little secret and that just adds to the turn-on!

Brandi
Missouri

LET ME JOIN YOU

For a long time, I suspected that there was something going on between my cousin Jared and my cousin Lacey. I often saw them together, acting all chummy-like. When others were around, they kept their distance, but stole glances at one another that seemed to hold a hidden meaning. I



was determined to find out what was up with them and played detective. When I saw them in Jared's car, heading out of town, I followed them. They pulled into a motel and went arm-in-arm into a room, for which Jared had a key.

"Wow," I said to myself, "I never expected this!"

I'm no dummy. A secret trip to an out-of-town motel could only mean one thing—sneaky sex!

"Holy fuck!" I exclaimed aloud.

I debated in my mind what to do. I was picturing the filthiest things, like my cousin Jared having his hands all over my cousin Lacey's body and his sticking his dick into her pussy. I sat in my car, my own pussy wet from my dirty thoughts. Looking around and seeing no one, I opened my legs and reached under my skirt to grope

myself, stroking my clit with my thumb, causing myself to juice into my panties.

"I have to see," I said, talking to myself, now masturbating rapidly. "I have to know for sure," I rationalized.

I had a powerful climax, then took a moment to regain my composure and got out of the car. I went to their room, the last one in a row of six rooms, and went around to the side to see if I could see anything through the window. The window was open, but the shade was closed, so I couldn't see anything. I could hear them, however, loud and clear.

"Yes, yes!" Lacey shouted.

Jared grunted, but the sound was muffled.

"Suck my clit, lick me out, I'm cumming," Lacey cried.

My cousin Jared's mouth was buried in my cousin Lacey's pussy. I

"Hard again, my cousin stuck his dick in my sister's mouth. She sucked him to completion, swallowing his load and climaxing from my tongue in her pussy."

clutched my own pussy and suddenly climaxed again.

"I'm going in," I said.

I went to the motel room door and turned the knob and found that the door was unlocked. Jared jumped off the bed and Lacey tried to cover herself with the sheet. I wasn't looking at her, though, I was looking at Jared. He was naked. I was looking at his dick, which went limp.

"Gotcha," I said, hands on hips, "naughty, naughty!"

Lacey and I went at it, she accusing me of spying and me accusing her of a whole lot more. Then she took a different approach and asked me if I was really mad or if I was turned on and maybe a wee bit jealous. I squirmed in my cum-drenched panties and decided to own up to the dirty truth.

"If you don't let me join you, I will absolutely cry," I said.

Jared's dick immediately grew hard again as I practically ripped the clothes off my body. Lacey threw off the bed sheet that had poorly covered her and I got into bed with her, and she got on top of me and rubbed up and down on my body.

"Do you do girlie stuff?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but there is always a first time."

My cousin Lacey showed me how we could lock our legs together and we went pussy to pussy.

"I like this," I said. "It feels good."

Jared jerked off, watching. He came over to the bed and I craned to reach

him and lashed my tongue over his cockhead. He moved closer and put his dick in my mouth and I sucked it.

"Hot damn!" he croaked.

I loved sucking my cousin Jared's dick while rubbing clits with my cousin Lacey. When I started to cum, I opened my mouth to express my pleasure and Jared's dick fell out and he shot his steamy load all over my face, which caused me to have multiple cums. Lacey started humping me, and I could tell by the expression on her face that she was cumming and not just once.

"I want to eat your pussy," I said to her, "I want to taste a woman."

Lacey lay on her back and I hunched between her legs and licked her out like I did it every day. Jared, hard again, now stuck his dick in Lacey's mouth and she sucked him to completion, swallowing his load and climaxing from my tongue in her pussy.

"I'm glad you were spying on us," Lacey told me afterwards.

"Me, too," I laughed.

Jared proved to have great rejuvenation powers. He got it up again and I rode his dick. It was exciting to be fucking my cousin. Lacey sat on his face and he licked her out and we climaxed simultaneously, one, two, three, Lacey and I moaning out loud and Jared just jizzing, filling me up with his cum.

Now the three of us sneak around together, and the sex is fantabulous!

Marcy
Tennessee



DIRTY DAUGHTERS

Oversexed young ladies are hot for their father's cock—and they get it!

YOU ASKED FOR IT

It was late. I picked up only because I recognized the ringtone. "I won't talk on the phone," I said in a crisp, cool voice.

"I'm right outside your door," he replied. "I'm going to be close enough to knock in five, four, three, two...."

I opened the door, and there he was. I swept him inside quickly, because anyone else could see although no one in my apartment complex was likely to be awake at that time of night. Everyone minded their own business, anyway. I was semi-dressed, if you consider a royal blue satin bra and matching tap pants, edged in black lace, to be dressed at all. I'm 24, and the tap pants rode just high enough on my long legs to expose the curves of my dimple-free ass. He couldn't meet my eyes, because he was too busy checking out my shapely figure.

"What did you do tonight?" he asked, a raspy voice thick and desperate with perverse hunger.

I smiled and licked my lips as I

slowly unbuttoned his shirt. "Are you sure that you really want to know?"

"I have to know." This close, he could smell the dab of expensive French perfume that I'd sprayed into my deep cleavage over six hours earlier. His nostrils flared as he savored the scent, which was now overlaid with a faint hint of sexual sweat, even though I'd showered after my rather aerobic activities.

"It was Jeff," I said. Jeff is a man my own age, just-turned 24. As I talked, he reached for his own zipper and pulled open his fly. His cock extruded itself, stretching boldly at a touch. I knew that it was my nasty words that excited him so much. "He was already hard when he got here, and, hell, I was already wet. I'd fingered myself in the tub while I was getting ready, but even if I hadn't, I would have been soaking. Jeff has that effect on me, you know."

He groaned softly as he took hold of my hands and gripped them passionately, squeezing them like a salesman's handshake. Then he pulled me forward, to place my eager hands on his thrusting erection. I began to knead slowly up



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"Rolling on my back and flinging my legs wide open, I demanded, 'Fuck me now, Father. Fuck me hard. Prove that you're just as much of a man as my boyfriend.'"

and down the length of his knotty pipe, but I didn't massage him too firmly just yet. I wanted to tease a little.

"The minute that he stepped into the hallway, I yanked down his jeans and dropped to my knees in front of him. I had an impulsive desire to deepthroat his mouth-filling dick. He was drooling already, and the taste of his precum was a twisted inspiration to me. I tried to draw out the scene by slurping just on his peckerhead for a few moments, but honestly, neither one of us was in the mood for patience. Without quite planning to, I gulped him hard, and now we could both feel his cockhead rotating in mad circles against the back of my throat. My tonsils were truly being stirred up.

Could a man get any stiffer? His groans were louder, now. He wanted much more than a hand job but he didn't dare to ask. "I can't believe I'm listening to this," he whimpered.

"You asked for it," I said, with a heartless smirk. I bent low and flitted my tongue over his peckerhead, which was as thick and dripping as Jeff's had been earlier in the evening, but I didn't deepthroat him. Oh no, not yet. That would be too damn easy.

"Of course I sucked him down to the last delightful drop," I continued. "There's no reason to hold back with Jeff. At his age, his refractory period is basically zero." Of course, 24 is half your age, I thought, but didn't say.

He's a sharp guy. He can figure it out. The old male competitive spirit kicked in, and now he was very hard. He wriggled where he stood, so that his turgid erection squirmed like a wild animal in my two hands. I was pleased and surprised at the strength I felt there.

"Next I pushed him down on the carpet. We didn't want to wait to get to the bedroom. We needed it right then, right there. Jeff's cock was already hard again before he'd rolled onto his back. I swung a leg over his firm, studly physique and slowly lowered my sopping-wet pussy onto his fine tower of a crankshaft. My pussy was being stretched open by the fattest, firmest dick I'd ever had. I slid down, down, down, until I was so stuffed by his hard-on that I thought I was going to explode. My body rocked and bounced as I rode my stallion home. My clit was grinding into his curly bush like I can't describe. We humped faster and faster, until we crash-landed together across the finish line."

Poor Father. Because, of course, the older man to whom I was telling this true adventure was my father. His eyes practically crossed with frustrated passion. Once again, just hearing about his daughter's dirty deeds had brought him to the breaking point.

"Oh, my God," he moaned. "Oh my dear God. Why am I listening to this? Why is it getting me so turned on?"

"Because you're a freak, Father." I

laughed out loud as I abruptly let go of his cock. It was so heavy that it bounced several times, but it always went up higher than the time before. Finally, it ended up standing absolutely vertical against his belly, which made it seem like a much younger man's equipment. Hearing my stories will have that effect on him. But I pretended not to notice as I spun on my bare feet and headed toward the bedroom without looking back. I could feel the raw heat of his greedy eyes gazing at my bouncing butt cheeks to see how the muscles worked in my satin blue tap pants. Of course, he followed me down the hall and into the bedroom.

The game had gone on long enough. I kicked off the satin pants and pulled down the cups of my bra to expose my nipples. Rolling on my back and flinging my legs wide open, I demanded, "Fuck me now, Father. Fuck me hard. Prove that you're just as much of a man as my boyfriend."

"I guess I can show that young punk a thing or two."

With a competitive growl, he flung himself on top of me and thrust just where I needed him to go. The shock of our joining sent preliminary spasms working through my thighs and belly. I grunted with joy and grasped him at shoulder and hip to hold on for dear life. His long, hard prick slid in harder and deeper than it could ever do in any normal circumstance. As I locked my ankles together around his back, I felt my G-spot shriek with pleasure. Did I say that it was late? I was wrong. The night was only just getting started.

Bettany
Iowa

THE ONLY OLDER MAN

It's a game we play. I don't usually drink, so when I pour myself a small snifter of cognac and announce that I'm going to bed early, Daddy knows what I'm telling him. I light scented pink candles and turn on soft music, and if I was another kind of daughter, I guess I'd lock the door and begin a private session with my dildo. After all, I'm 22 years old and have been between boyfriends for several months now, so nobody could really criticize me if I wanted to indulge in some quickie masturbation. But I had got a better idea.

I don't lock the bedroom door. No fucking way. Instead, I glide out of my robe and loll in the flickering candlelight on my pink satin comforter, one hand going low to stroke gently at my own delta, the other hand holding the cognac to my lips. I sip oh-so-slowly, all the better to feel the tingle. I'm very aware that I'm alone in the house with my father—my mother ran off with a younger man over three years ago—and I entertain naughty fantasies/memories of our past sessions together. Sometimes, I dip my finger in the cognac and rub the alcohol lightly against my clit, just for a tease. Or I curl my finger even lower, so that the tip actually darts into my juicy cunny. Then I bring my finger back up to my face and lick it slowly. Can I taste the hint of cognac blended with my own fluids? Of course I can, and it's utterly delicious.

When the snifter is empty, I curl onto my side and pretend to sleep. I can't, because my heart is pounding

"He thrusts his cock between my thighs and slides it easily into my throbbing pussy. No foreplay. No discussion. Just seamless perfect fucking."

with anticipation. My pussy lips feel warm and swollen, and the fantasies flashing before my closed eyes are getting even more explicit. I struggle with my conscience and try not to touch myself, but it's a silly losing battle. Soon enough, I slide my hand back down between my thighs. I rub myself slowly and quietly, bringing myself to a maddening slow burn. Then, from somewhere outside, is the sound of a creak in the hallway or maybe even a hand on the doorknob. I immediately go still.

Daddy enters the room. The candles have burned low, but there's still enough light to see that he has removed his robe. His fit, athletic body looks good in the flickering glow from the pink candles, but what looks even better is the way that his hard cock seems to stick out for miles. He's the only older man I've ever had, so I don't know how many other men his age sport such remarkable erections. All I know is that Daddy gets hard, and stays hard, more quickly than anyone else I've dated. However, as part of the game, I don't acknowledge his impressive stiffness. In fact, I'm viewing him through half-shut eyelids, because I'm pretending to be sound asleep. Ha. Not that Daddy is fooled for one little minute.

He studies the bed for a moment and then walks around, so that he can approach me from behind. I dare not move my head to follow the bounce of

his low-hanging balls or the sway of his elephantine ramrod. Suddenly, he's behind me, and I feel rather than see him as he lays down on the bed to embrace me spoon-fashion.

"Shh," he whispers in my ear. "Don't wake up. This is a dream. It's all a dream."

I wiggle my ass a little against his hugeness. I can't help myself. He thrusts his cock between my thighs and slides it easily into my throbbing pussy. No foreplay. No discussion. Just seamless perfect fucking. His firm belly shapes itself to the curve of my ass, allowing his large cock to thrust even more deeply into my welcoming pussy. I try to stay still for a few minutes longer, as if I really am the sleeping beauty of our shared fantasy. But, when his dickhead locates my G-spot with its usual unerring precision, that's it, I'm going wild and out-of-control. I start to buck, with my fanny rotating against his stomach faster and faster. Our locked bodies are working overtime almost before we know it. I cum quickly, and if it wasn't for his maturity, he too would immediately explode.

Somehow, though, he knows all the tricks for holding out. As I gasp, writhe, and spasm, he continues to plow at a steady, thrilling pace into my trembling love canal. Sometimes he makes me cum two or three times before I squeeze him out. Last night, it was four times. Four toe-curling



orgasms that made me scream loudly enough to blow out some of the nearby candles. And yet he was still as hard.

It was time for more forceful measures. With a soft cry, I used my most powerful pussy muscles to spit him out. Then, before he could catch his breath, I shifted the tilt and curve of my ass cheeks, deliberately opening my buttocks wide to capture his oversized manhood.

He understood instantly. I felt his entire body flex against my backside as he adjusted his aim. This time, his dickhead wedged itself easily against my rosebud. Focus, I told myself. The ability to dilate my asshole is the best trick I've ever learned. At just the right moment, my butthole opened wide and sucked him inside. Daddy can resist a lot of temptations, but he can't resist my ass. The minute I started cumming deep in my rectum, he'd be blasted off into an immediate ejaculation. I knew it, and he knew it too. Our final climax was a shared one that gratified me all the way down to my toes.

Polly
Georgia

PANTY THIEF

What the heck was matter with our washing machine? I put my delicates in the nice mesh bag and washed them on cold/delicate/gentle just like always, but these days, sometimes I'd go to my underwear drawer only to find a formerly lovely pair of satin, silk, or even nylon panties that was somehow completely stretched all to fuck. If I lived with another (fatter) female, I'd

suspect her of stealing my flimsies and stretching them out, but it was just me and my Dad. So, I didn't have a clue what was going on until the day that my late afternoon college class was unexpectedly cancelled. That's when I came home to find my own beloved father strutting around in front of the hallway mirror wearing my brand-new pink satin nothings.

Whoa. Dad is fit, not fat, but he's still a tall guy, and he appeared to possess an unusually large erection. The satin strained so that it perfectly outlined his prick, and I could see that the seams were going to pop at any moment. He wasn't wearing anything else, just the panties. I wasn't sure what a 21-year-old girl is usually expected to do when she catches a dude wearing her underwear, but I was pretty sure that it involved pain. So, on impulse, I unbuckled my belt and doubled it up in my hands.

"You're the panty thief in this house!" I said. "Well, you're going to have to be punished."

That did it. His muscular dick flexed one time too often, and my poor skimpiess came completely apart, the seams popping so badly that the satin scraps actually flew from his body. That's 35 dollars I'll never see again, I thought. With a growl copied from a female tigress, I lunged forward and immediately started swatting his bare ass with my belt. I must have been hitting him pretty hard, because I could see the pink stripes forming on his rump almost instantly. Maybe I shouldn't admit it, but the entire kinky scene was actually getting me pretty excited.

"It's true," he moaned. "Please.

"When I was naked from the waist down, I sat suddenly on his face and jammed my pussy roughly against his mouth. He struggled, but I didn't let him up until his tongue went to work."

Punish me. Punish my dick."

He turned quickly, more quickly than I anticipated, and a swat that was meant for his ass actually struck him at the top of his thighs, dangerously near his balls. But I could see from his heaving erection that he was actually turned-on by his punishment. In fact, several spurts of precum arced into the air in front of me. That gave me an idea.

"Lie on your whipped ass," I ordered him.

He didn't bother to locate a couch, much less a bed. He dropped to the carpet then and there. I was amazed at how much control I had over him, just from catching him in my satin panties. So, that's the way Dad rolled, huh? Well, I could get into it. With a smirk, I stood over him for a moment, doubled-up belt in one hand, so that he could look up and up at the way I towered over him. I put a foot on his chest and let him feel my weight. "You're going to stay down there while I get undressed," I said.

He tried to swallow his smile but didn't quite succeed. Well, I'd wipe that smirk off his face soon enough. I didn't waste time removing my top, just my jeans and underpants. He could undoubtedly see the slickness between my thighs as I stripped, because I was remarkably aroused. When I was naked from the waist

down, I sat suddenly on his face and jammed my pussy roughly against his mouth. He struggled beneath me, but I didn't let him up until his tongue went to work. In fact, to spur him to greater effort, I actually smacked his bare thighs a few more times with the belt.

What girl hasn't fantasized about face-sitting? But it's something I never had the chance to do with guys my own age. They probably wouldn't clean out a girl's pussy with their mouth the way Dad could anyway. My Lord, why did Mom ever run off when he could manipulate his tongue like that? I must have cum about five times before I fell off his prone body. Even then, he didn't dare to get up until he asked permission.

"May I get up and find you the money to repay you for all the panties I have destroyed?" he asked in a submissive tone.

"Hmm. You know what? I think you may. Just put it in my purse." I watched him walk and considered his bobbing erection, which didn't seem to know how to get soft. "Then get your ass back over here and give me a good fucking. You're actually starting to make me a little horny."

He smiled that secret smile again, but it didn't irritate me this time. He'd earned it, don't you think?

China
Oregon



FUCK-BUDDY

I keep promising myself that I'll stop. I don't like to think of myself as the kind of low-down dirty dog who would screw his own daughter. True, Shelby was already 22 when she seduced me for the first time, but I still don't want to make excuses for myself. My wife had left me only a few weeks before, and I should have been in mourning, not in heat.

However, when Shelby poured me a glass of wine on that fateful Friday evening and said, "Look, let's be practical. I've broken up with Rod, and I don't want to take time away from my studies right now to find a new boyfriend. And we all know about Mom. Why can't we be each other's fuck-buddy?"

I swallowed that wine down the

wrong pipe and nearly choked then and there. "I'm your father. Not your fuck-buddy. Are you out of your gourd?"

Shelby sat next to me and placed her right hand firmly on my groin. Until she squeezed my lump through my pants, I hadn't allowed myself to realize how quickly my dick sprang to life at her dirty suggestion. She massaged me slowly and deliberately, so that I couldn't possibly ignore what she was doing. My cock got even harder, standing in my pants so that it was forcing the fly zipper down from the inside. My daughter suddenly whisked the zipper the rest of the way down so that she could pull my throbbing erection out into the open.

"You sure look like a fuck-buddy from here," she said in a calm, steady voice.

"As soon as my naked body got within reach, she grasped my hips and pulled me into a half-squatting position so that my hard dick was aimed straight for her mouth."

"No man can resist that kind of temptation," I said with a moan. "Please, Shelby..." My conscience told me to say, "Please stop. Let go of me." And yet I couldn't make myself say the words. In fact, I wiggled where I sat, deliberately rotating my shaft around in her gripping hand. She squeezed me again, and then sighed in pleasure.

"You don't have to resist," she said. "I want it, too." She let go of me suddenly.

Why did my naked cock suddenly feel so cold and neglected? It leaned in her direction, and I think I may have accidentally emitted a pitiful little whine of sexual need. My daughter pretended not to notice as she kicked off her shoes and then began to strip. She's a slender reed, with the graceful form of a small but firm-titted ballerina. When she was completely naked, she actually pirouetted on her toes to show off her elegant figure from all angles. Her tiny butt could be cupped in the palms of my hands and yet it was beautifully arched. I swallowed hard, afraid that I was going to slobber.

When she dropped to all-fours on the living room floor, I stood and removed my own clothing, then went to her silently. I wasn't sure what she wanted, but I didn't have to wonder. As soon as my naked body got within reach, she grasped my hips and pulled me into a half-squatting position so

that my hard dick was aimed straight for her mouth. I shuddered with delight as I realized that my own daughter was deep-throating me. Oh my fucking God. I'm embarrassed to admit how many years it had been since I'd had my cock in a beautiful woman's mouth. Let's just get it over with and confess that her mother didn't enjoy that particular act. Fortunately, Shelby was very different from her Mom in that regard. Her smooth, lovely mouth seemed to stretch forward, until she'd swallowed the length of my cock all the way down to my balls. Her throat was long and deep, but I swear I could feel my dick-head rubbing insistently against her twitching esophagus.

One of her long fingers slipped between my butt cheeks. I tensed a little then relaxed as she began to tap her fingertip directly against my anus. How could such a subtle touch be so exciting? It was like she was sending a coded message directly to the deepest, most secret parts of my being: Squirt, male, squirt now. I gasped out loud and then realized that I wasn't just gasping and grunting. I was actually screaming, cumming so hard that I felt as if I were emptying an entire lifetime's worth of cum into Shelby's hungry throat. Yet she swallowed fast and easily, without missing a drop. Hell, yes, she was different from her mother in every way.

I finally stumbled away from her because I needed a moment to recover. My sucked-out cock actually felt a little sensitive. My daughter didn't push. Instead, she finished swallowing and then rolled lazily onto her back, with her knees pointing in opposite directions. I found myself looking into the private depths of her plush, creamy cunt. She was open and obviously horny, and her pearl-sized clit actually seemed to be trying to stand up somehow. Her right hand reached down in a desultory manner, getting just close enough so that her thumb could graze that lovely clit. Fuck, yes, I can take a clue. Maybe my dick needed a break, but I still had a tongue.

I dropped between her lean, long thighs and stuck out my tongue. Shelby whimpered in pleased surprise to discover that her own father was not actually a rank amateur at pleasing a woman with his face. I know how to roll my entire head between her legs to warm her up. I know how to dart my tongue-tip in and out of a belly button or up and down a perineum. For fuck's sake, I certainly know how to kiss a cunny so that my upper lip is massaging just the right place on a hard clit while my tongue flickers in and out of that lovely luscious hole. She had a faint musky flavor, with a slightly salty after-taste, and I discovered that I liked my daughter's taste better than the most expensive blue point oysters. I gave her head as fervently as I knew how, and it wasn't long before she was cumming like gangbusters all over the room.

"Nice warm-up," she said. "But I still need a fuck-buddy."

She put a naughty emphasis on the

word "fuck," staring hard at my cock as she did so. Naturally, thanks to her aphrodisiacal taste, I was granite-hard again. I no longer wanted to argue with my daughter. I wanted to give her exactly what she wanted for as long as she wanted it. We both sighed as she returned to the all-fours position that she apparently preferred, and I positioned myself behind her so that I could fuck her doggy-style. As my cock slid into her damp pussy from the rear, I realized that I'd never felt so excited by a simple act of sex. It wasn't just another lovely willing body moving underneath me. It was my own daughter, and our genitals fit as if we'd been designed for each other. She started cumming first, and it's a good thing that she knew how to undergo a true multiple orgasm, because when I started ejaculating again, I don't think I stopped for a solid twenty minutes.

So, yeah, I keep telling myself that it has got to stop. But I don't have the self-control to call a halt. I know in my heart that I'll service my daughter sexually as long as she wants me to.

Hal
Ohio

MY ASS IS HOT AND OPEN

I have two daughters in their early twenties, Megan and Renee. If you're the father of two strong-willed daughters, then you already know that once the girls get their hearts set on something, they're going to get their way. A couple of weeks ago, the girls came to me and said they had a problem. Like an idiot, I offered to help.

Then they informed me that the problem was that they couldn't get safe butt sex. "The guys on our campus are too immature," Megan said. "Even if you could get them to wear a rubber, you couldn't stop them from blogging about it if you did anal with them."

"Yeah, and they probably don't even know what they're doing anyway," Renee added. "We'd rather learn from an older man."

"An experienced man."

"That we know for a fact is 100 percent invested in our health and safety."

I started making excuses, but it was too late. Renee whipped out the box of rubbers, and Megan actually started pulling down my pants. I'm not ashamed to admit that I was already stiff. Hey, I'm a father, but I'm also a red-blooded male. Did I mention that both of my daughters were blonde? Renee was a high school cheerleader and looks even better now that she's college age. Megan actually has a part-time job doing some catalog modeling. They're both hot as hell. If they were coming at me from both sides, I was going to burn.

So, to make a long story short, it wasn't long before all three of us were stark naked. My daughters looked even better without clothes, which is more than you can say about their old man. I try to keep fit, but I have the usual soft spots around the middle and even a gray hair or two in the old

bush. Fortunately, they weren't concerned about these small signs of age. They were more interested in my shockingly springy cock. "So, how does this work, Daddy?" they giggled.

"Um." I tried to think of something intelligent to say. To be honest, at least around here, anal sex wasn't a big deal for my generation. Oh, I'd done it a few times when I was younger, but I wouldn't nominate myself as an expert or anything. Still, I couldn't let my darling daughters down now that they'd gotten me all excited, so I decided to improvise. "Well, assholes are very tight, so you need to be very relaxed and open before you allow a guy to fuck you back there. Also, the guy might cum too soon unless you make him ejaculate another way work. So it just goes better if you get it on another way first."

"Oh, that sounds reasonable," Megan said.

Renee simply tumbled me onto my back and began to slide down my dick. When Megan saw that her sister was fucking me that quickly and efficiently, she shrugged and knelt over my face so that I could eat her out at the same time. Now, if I do say so myself, muff-diving is one of my special talents, and I definitely know how to put a pussy through some changes with my athletic tongue. Despite the delirious distractions of Renee's pussy on my prick, I was able to time the licking so perfectly that all three of us blasted off

"She wiggled over and slipped the condom on my dick herself. Then my daughter sat back and watched as I started to fuck her sister's taut asshole for the first time."

at almost exactly the same moment.

"Well, okay, my ass is hot and open now," Megan announced.

I wasn't ready to put on another rubber, so instead I bent over her trim young butt and sucked cautiously between her cheeks. Finding that she was fresh and clean, I began to toss her salad with real enthusiasm. Her bottom bobbed against my face, stimulating me in the most amusing ways. As I popped a fresh boner, she wiggled over and slipped the condom on my dick herself. Then my daughter sat back and watched as I started to fuck her sister's taut asshole for the very first time.

It was so exciting that I ached to slam all the way down, but I knew better. Instead, I penetrated her lovely anus inch by teasing inch, until I could actually feel the hungry walls dilate in desperation, so that her butthole could selfishly swallow me like a hungry mouth. Even then, I was gentle with her, giving only exactly as much friction as I sensed she could stand. As I fucked slowly but more deeply into Megan's butt, I glanced over and noticed that Renee was rubbing off her own clit while she watched.

When Megan's elastic young asshole suddenly spasmed in climax, it squeezed me so powerfully that I again came along with her. Fortunately, I already had an idea of how to get hard a third time, so that I could also gratify Renee's butt. "When you're really putting a lot of sexual pressure on a man and you need him to get stiff after he's already blasted a lot of jizz, your best way to excite him is to put on a lesbian sex show," I suggested.

The girls didn't question it. They

simply tumbled into each other's arms and started sixty-nining each other like crazy. It's good to be the resident expert on sex around this place.

Calvin
Arkansas

I NEED A MAN

The walls of the new, cheaper apartment were paper-thin. I don't think my 22-year-old daughter Rashida quite realized it when she first moved in with me after a bad break-up with her ex. But I soon understood that her former "lover" couldn't have been gratifying her much, because I could hear the vibrator going at all hours of the night as she made up for lost time. I didn't want to embarrass her, so I didn't say anything. However, one night, I had a lady guest over and, even though we tried to keep it quiet, Rashida must have overheard pretty much everything. After the lady had slipped out the next morning, my daughter apologized to me.

"I didn't mean to listen in, but I couldn't help hearing," she said. "And that's when I realized that you must have been hearing my vibrator all this time."

"Um, I didn't notice," I fibbed. What else could I say? I didn't want to talk to my own daughter about vibrators!

"Oh Papa, you don't have to lie to me. Besides, I can tell from the bulge in your jeans that you know exactly what I'm talking about."

The lady guest should have exhausted me, but I'm not like that. Sometimes, getting my appetites satisfied just sets me up to have an even bigger appetite the next day. Besides,

"'I need cock, Papa,' she whispered. 'Fuck me, baby. I need it nice and deep, in the dark places where a vibrator can't go.'"

indecent as it seems, hearing my daughter say the word "vibrator" and knowing that she'd listened as I made love to the other woman was a twisted kind of turn-on to me. I tried to mumble some excuse, but she came over and put her hand down my pants to feel my prick and that was that. The truth was told. All at once, without warning, we were kissing, with lots of tongue and lots of passion. Her nipples pressed so urgently into my chest that I knew that she couldn't be wearing a bra under her thin shirt.

"The vibrator never quite satisfies," she whispers. "I need a man."

"Oh, Rashida!" But I was already helping her out of her clothes. She was a beautiful, passionate young woman, with a lovely wasp-waisted body that no man can refuse. My mouth watered as I planted wet kisses from her collarbone to her nipples and on to her smooth belly. Her pubic bush was neatly trimmed and seemed to point like an arrow to her sleek, glistening pussy. I don't remember kneeling, but suddenly my head was between her thighs and I was sucking the juice out of her pussy so recklessly that the sauce was running all the way down my chin.

She had a hair-trigger response. I was actually a little shocked by how quickly she came on my agile tongue. She was telling the truth, obviously. The vibrator simply wasn't enough for her. She needed the real thing.

I didn't know whether we should play in my bedroom or hers, so I let her

lead the way. She picked her own bed, and we tumbled down together, our tongues spinning as we hurried to lick each other every which way. I didn't want to cum just yet, but she had no such inhibitions, and she came again, twice in a row, with her lovely pussy actually squeezing on my tongue-tip each time she spasmed. By now, we both know what she really needed.

"I need cock, Papa," she whispered. "Fuck me, baby. I need it nice and deep, in the dark places where a vibrator can't go."

I spread her out on her back and thrust downward. It was the classic posture, nothing fancy, but sometimes you don't need fancy. You just need to guide your dick to the hidden place where all of her nerve endings are most hyperactive. She screamed and then actually wrapped her ankles so high above me that they were curled around my neck rather than my waist. Our bodies moved together and apart as we lifted higher and higher to the ultimate explosion. This time, when she came in soul-shattering waves, she milked me off along with her. I almost wished I'd timed the dirty deed, because I could swear that I was spewing cum for a solid ten minutes.

Since then, I haven't really heard the vibrator any more. Why should I? When my daughter is desperate for sexual satisfaction, she simply comes directly to me.

Pete
Kentucky

MAKING IT WITH MOTHER

Horny moms and their oversexed sons are too hot for each other to care that it's incest!

IN HER PUSSY, FIRST

My mother was waiting for me in the bathroom when I stepped out of the shower. She was sitting on the toilet seat, and her bathrobe was open enough for me to see that she was naked underneath. Her pubic hair was trimmed back, leaving her labia and clitoris clearly visible, and I felt the sight in my prick as I dried myself.

She stepped behind me as I put the towel away, and she playfully swatted my ass. The robe was wide open now, and I turned and clapped my hands over her round, jiggly breasts. My mother exercises regularly and keeps herself in shape, so her breasts sag only enough to make them a delight to heft. I strummed my thumbs over her nipples, and she made that sensuous purring sound of hers and gently gripped my prick.

I threw my arms around her and kissed her lips, and I felt her nipples stiffen against my chest. She sucked on my tongue as I thrust it into her mouth, and she tightened her grip on my cock. My prick hardened in her grasp, making her open her fingers, and my mother immediately dropped to her knees and licked around my cockhead.

"You're really into oral tonight, Mom," I commented.

Giving my dickhead a quick kiss, she lifted my cock from her mouth and replied, "I'm into everything, tonight, Kevin."

Hearing "everything" made my cock throb, and she made that purring sound again as she started to suck me off. I advised, "If you want everything, Mom, you'd better not make me cum," but she just kept sucking until I couldn't help shooting off. My load filled her cheeks, and she gulped it down as I withdrew



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My mother shrieked and shook as my dickhead popped through her anus, but she kept pushing down. Her next sound was a loud sigh of pleasure, and my sounds were groans of pleasure/pain.

my softening prick from her mouth.

"Okay, now we can get started." She stood up and took off the robe, and I kept my eyes on her naked ass as I followed her to her bedroom.

My cock was already starting to twitch from the sight of those firm, petite buttocks. My mother trotted over to her bed and jumped on, lifting her legs and grasping her ankles. I climbed up after her, and she lifted her head to watch as I slid on my stomach toward her.

Taking a firm grip on her hips, I pressed my face against her butt crack and thrust my tongue tip against her anus, pressing hard and licking around the tiny orifice in a slow circle. My mother hissed sharply and shuddered, and she let out a sexy little squeal as I pushed in a bit of tongue tip.

Withdrawing it, I licked upward into her slit. Letting out a short, shrill moan, she let go of her ankles and draped her legs over my back as I sucked her labia and started to lick the way she taught me. First an "A," then a "B" and so on, and when I was up to "E," she was wetting my mouth and sighing softly. Feeling her lips swell more signaled me to slip in two fingers and lift my tongue to her clit.

Now she shouted outright and kicked up her legs, gripping the sheets as she climaxed, soaking my whole face. My mother gushes when she cums, and my chin and even the tip of

my nose were covered with her delicious orgasmic fluids.

My cock was hard enough to be almost painful against the sheets, but it was a sensuous pain. I asked my mother how she wanted it, and she replied by saying she wanted it in her pussy, first. I told her I was referring to the position, but she ignored that.

"And get the lubricant, Kevin. I'll be on top so it will be easier to switch."

I think I got just a little harder from hearing that. "Pussy, first" meant she was in the mood for anal sex, something she doesn't do very often. I should have realized that from the way she reacted to my rimming her, but I was too horny to take time to think things through. I sprinted to the bathroom and fetched the lubricant, and she had a box of condoms ready on the bed when I ran back in.

As she said, I got on my back. She slipped a rubber over my hard-on and straddled my waist, and I held my sheathed cock up as she squatted, aiming her pussy slit at my dickhead.

Neatly, my prick filled her cunt as she pushed down. I reached for her breasts and closed my fingers over them, pressing my palms against her nipples. She tightened her pussy around my prick and leaned over more, slowly rotating her hips. I saw the wisdom in her sucking me off, first. She seemed to be squeezing harder, using her vaginal

muscles more, and I would have had a hell of a time holding back if I hadn't fed her my cum beforehand.

Abruptly, she lifted herself up, dislodging my cock and raising up on her knees. "Okay, carefully now," she said as she lowered herself again, this time aiming her ass crack at my prick. I held my cock around the base, watching as she slowly engulfed my prick with her ass crack. When I felt the tip against her anus, I pushed up with my hips as she pushed down. My mother shrieked and shook as my dickhead popped through her anus, but she kept pushing down. Her next sound was a loud sigh of pleasure, and my sounds were groans of pleasure/pain.

My hand was against her ass cheeks now. I pulled it off my cock and reached for her pussy, laying my hand over it fingers down. Taking her clit between two fingers, I stroked in time with her humping up and down. She started to cum, her asshole squeezing my prick even more, and I managed to hold on as she soaked my crotch.

Our affair started in the bathroom. She walked in naked as I was stepping out of the tub, and I immediately sprang a hard-on. She said it was now okay in her mind for us to fuck, and we've been doing it in different ways ever since. She doesn't mind my having girlfriends—as long as she gets to watch!

Kevin
New Jersey

YOU'RE TURNING ME ON

After not seeing him for two years, it was hard for me to think of Gregory as

my son. He was some distance away at the airport when I first saw him, and I didn't know it was him and not the kind of younger man I cruise for. Of course, I recognized him as he approached, and then it was even harder for me to think of him as my own flesh and blood.

Our arraignment was for him to stay with me over the summer and move into a dormitory when he started college in the fall. "College" was graduate school, and he was all of twenty-four. I started to feel horny for him that same day, and I kept my feelings to myself since I had no idea he'd feel the same way about me. He knows I'm his mother, and how could that make me an object of sexual desire?

Well, I was, after all. About a week after he moved in with me, I caught him peeking at me through the bathroom window. I wasn't sure if he had just accidentally looked that way or not, so I decided to test the extent of his interest by wearing less and less around the house.

Late one night, while we were watching TV, I said I had to "get more comfortable" and went up to my bedroom. I came back down in a gauzy nightgown and panties that were practically transparent, and he hissed sharply as I approached the couch. He was wearing loose slacks so I couldn't tell if he was already erect or not, but he involuntarily reached for his crotch as I sat down next to him.

He slid away from me to the other end of the couch and averted his gaze. "Mom, I know this sounds weird, but you're turning me on."

"Oh, am I?" I stood up and sauntered over to him, and he stared at me wide-eyed as I sat close enough to rest my

He reached for me, but I told him to get on his back. I straddled his waist, seized my son's erection and tucked the head into my slit. I leaned over him as his prick bottomed out.

thigh against his. I leaned toward him to press a breast against his arm, and I laid a hand over his crotch and felt hardness. "Well, I guess I am. And a good mother wouldn't want to leave her son frustrated, would she?"

"Are you, uh—"

"Let me see this," I interrupted, pressing down a little harder. "I'll make you feel better."

He stood up, and for a moment I thought he was going to run out of the room. Instead, he pulled down his pants and shorts with shaking hands, and his hard cock sprang up. As he pulled off his shirt, I gave his cock a squeeze and kissed the head.

His knees buckled a little, and he leaned over and grasped my shoulders as I drew his prick into my mouth. When I felt his scrotum against my chin, I reached around and grasped his buttocks, squeezing hard as I tightened the grip of my mouth and jerked my head back and forth. My son gasped that he was about to cum, and I slid a hand down his ass crack. Groaning louder, he came, flooding my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, and I opened wide to let his softening cock slip out.

"Fellatio makes me very horny, Greg. Come upstairs with me now."

He followed me up to my bedroom, and we embraced in the doorway. I sucked his tongue into my mouth and cuddled his cock in my palm, and he slid his hands under the back of my nightgown to grasp my rear end through my

panties. For a few minutes we kissed and fondled, and when I pulled myself away from him, I tossed off the nightgown and jumped up on my bed.

My son scrambled up after me, and I told him to take off my panties. "Have you ever eaten a girlfriend's pussy, Greg?" I asked.

"A couple of times." He yanked down my panties to my feet, and I kicked them off. Lying between my spread, naked legs, he stared at my wide-open pussy for moment before jamming his mouth against it.

"Lick like you're drawing the alphabet with your tongue," I instructed. "Start with 'A,' then 'B'...." When he was up to "E," I told him to slip in a finger and drag his tongue up my slit. "Don't press right down on my clitoris. Just lick around it, and stroke with your fingers...yes, that's right, you're doing it."

My next utterance was a shriek of passion as my slowly building climax burst suddenly. Gripping my son's head between my thighs, I humped his face as the wild sensations surged through me. I pulled away as my climax subsided, and he crawled out from between my thighs.

His cock was hard again. He reached for me, but I pulled away and told him to get on his back. I straddled his waist, seized his erection and tucked the head into my slit. My son bucked up as I pushed down, and I leaned over him as his prick bottomed out in me. Clutching my pussy, I fucked him hard and quick-



ly had another orgasm. He was still very hard when I leaped off him, and I got on all fours.

"Now we'll do it this way." He got on his knees behind me and fumbled a little as he lined his dickhead up with my slit, tapping against my labia a few times before he got it in. I pushed back to help him along, and I sighed deeply as I felt my son's prick slide into my pussy again.

Bending over my back, he shoved his hands under me and took hold of my breasts as he started stroking. Grasping his wrist, I dragged his hand down to pussy mound, and he gripped it tightly. I started cum again, and this time he had to shoot off with me.

Sated, we lay side by side. Turning on my side toward him and pressing my nipple against his bare arm, I murmured, "We're going to have a lot of fun this summer!"

Margaret
Wisconsin

MY SON'S ERECT PENIS

Saturday was the day my son wore only loose, flower-pattern boxer shorts. He fumbled twice while making breakfast, so I spanked him twice. The second spanking got him so erect that his manhood was sticking out of the fly slit of the shorts, and I quickly sucked him off so he wouldn't cum too fast when my girlfriends played with him. I was sitting on a chair by the sink while he did the dishes, and he was careful not to drop any.

Performing fellatio always fires up my sex drive. As soon as Arnold was done, I ordered him to follow me into the living room, where I sat in my favorite chair and lifted my legs over the arms. He didn't have to be told what to do. Kneeling, he reached across the chair set and gripped the waistband of my panties. I didn't bother to lift my ass to help him. Slowly and carefully,

I popped his dickhead into my slit and kicked up my feet, wrapping them around his waist. My girlfriends started frigging themselves as they saw my son's prick slide into my pussy.

knowing better than to make even the tiniest tear in the white cotton, he rolled the undergarment up my thighs and carefully over my knees to my ankles and then off my feet one foot at a time.

Now naked from the waist down, I lifted my legs and grasped my ankles. I rocked back, leaving my rear hole as well as my pussy open to his tongue. Again, I didn't have to say a word to him. My son laid his hands on my hips and pressed his face against my backside, and I felt the tip of his tongue on my anus. He licked around the tiny orifice, pressing harder, and then he dragged his tongue up to my already moist pussy. Tightening his grip on my hips, he thrust his tongue between my labia, pushing in as much as he could. My careful training in cunnilingus had him performing as if he was a professional cuntlapper, and I could even have rented him out for pay for play there.

But I didn't need money. My "pay" was the satisfaction he could give my girlfriends, who remarked that he must be half-lesbian. Arnold continued to tongue-fuck me in short, quick strokes, and when my juices were wetting his lips, he dragged his tongue up to my clitoris. In keeping with the scenario I don't like to express my pleasure, but the climax he gave me was so powerful that I couldn't help crying out as I flooded his face.

I glanced at the nearest clock and

saw that I had less than an hour before my girlfriends arrived. "Time to clean up," I said, patting his head. My son extended a hand to help me to my feet, and he followed behind me as I headed to the bathroom. I got under the shower and he sat at the edge of the tub, carefully washing my pussy and drying it off.

Of course, he sprang another erection. Looking down at his very stiff member, he cast me an imploring look. I shook my head and said, "You'll just have to let that go down for right now."

I put my panties back on and stepped into a pair of slacks when my girlfriends arrived. Marsha, Annette and Grace sat in straight-backed chairs, leaning back and spreading their thighs. None were wearing panties under their short skirts, and Arnold scrambled into the kitchen as soon as they were seated.

He came out with a tray holding four cups of coffee, a creamer and sugar bowl. Placing the tray on my coffee table, he dribbled cream into one of the cups and carefully added just one lump of sugar. That was Marsha's coffee. Annette takes hers black, and Grace takes cream but no sugar. As he was kneeling in front of Annette, Grace picked up the creamer and poured a trail of the very cold liquid down his back. My son shuddered and I could see goose bumps, but he didn't fumble.

So, no spanking for spilling any. When he'd served Grace, he stood up

and stepped to a corner of the room, gazing from one opened pair of legs to another. We took our time about finishing the coffee, and after he brought the service back to the kitchen and returned to the living room, Marsha called him over to her chair.

"Nina, I just love those shorts," she purred, tugging at the flower-pattern fabric. The fly slit parted and she squealed, "Look, you can see his little thing."

"Take it out. Let's all see it," Grace urged.

"Yes, his balls, too," Annette added.

Stepping up behind my son, I yanked his shorts down to his ankles. He reached for me to balance himself, but I stepped back to make him fumble the undergarment off on his own. He nearly fell, and Marsha giggled loudly. Annette leaned way back and pulled her skirt up to her waist, baring her pussy, which she reached down to and spread her lips.

Arnold let out a low groan as she spread her labia, flashing pink, and his cock sprang up harder. All three women giggled at the sight, and Grace started to reach for my son's erection.

"Don't give him pleasure right now," I advised. "We don't want him to get too complacent. Make him give you pleasure."

Kneeling in front of Marsha, he dipped his head between her thighs and quickly brought her to orgasm. Nina came next, then Annette, and my son's face was wet with the arousal fluid of three different women.

"Now, you know what I have to do," Marsha said, standing up. She took off the skirt. "Arnold, get on your back right now."

In flash, my son was flat on the floor, his erect penis sticking straight up. Annette and Nina masturbated slowly as Marsha mounted him, and I warned him not to cum. Thanks to the fellatio I'd given him, he managed to stay hard through Marsha's climax. Nina got up and insisted on taking him doggy-style, and Annette said she preferred a sitting fuck. She got up, and I ordered Arnold to take her seat. I'd taught him how to fuck like that, so I didn't have to tell him to hold his cock up as Annette backed into him, spreading her pussy lips and lowering her sex to his dickhead.

He couldn't no longer resist the feel of a vagina against his erection. Annette's climax preceded his by less than a minute, and my groaning son slumped back in the chair.

"Oh, now you've used him up," I said mournfully.

"Only temporarily," Marsha corrected. "Arnold, come over here." She pointed to her pussy and dipped in a finger, and my obedient and submissive son trotted over to her and knelt between her legs.

By the time he'd eaten out each of my girlfriends he was ready to fuck again, and it was time for the main event. I stepped out of my clothes and fetched a bag of sex toys, handing each woman a vibrator. They started to masturbate as my son and I embraced, and all three women purred sensuously at the sight of my hand on my son's erect penis.

Standing in the middle of the room, I threw my arms around my son's shoulders and he gripped my rear end. I popped his dickhead into my slit and kicked up my feet, wrapping them

around his waist. All three women gasped and started frigging themselves harder as they watched my son's prick slide into my pussy.

We started fucking hard, and when he came, all three women were climaxing along with me.

"Does he also eat you out?" Marsha asked. That was a rhetorical question, and I didn't have to answer. Arnold answered for me by kneeling between legs and putting his tongue to work.

Next week, I will be wearing only panties. My brother will be here, letting in two of my cousins, and I would soon be sucking three cocks in a row.

Nina
Wyoming

FAMILY FUN

If I announced at my office that my brother and I take turns fucking our mother, I would be accused of making crude sexist jokes and showing a disgraceful lack of respect for my mom. I might even get into enough trouble to get myself fired for that, but no one would believe I was telling the truth.

So, our secret is doubly safe. Recently, Mom found an adult video that featured double penetration, and she set up what she called a special showing for my brother and I.

We were well used to our routine of alternating nights between our bedrooms and hers, and we knew what she was up to when we saw the box cover. "Won't it get kind of confusing, Mom?" I asked. "I mean, Gordy and I aren't into each other, and we'll be so close—"

"Those men aren't into other men."

She pointed to the TV set. And they don't seem to be paying any attention to each other."

We could see that. Each man seemed to be in his own world, as if he was fucking the woman's ass or cunt all by himself.

My brother pointed out, "That involves ass-fucking, though. We haven't been doing that."

"Because you said it was dirty, Gordy," I reminded him.

"Well, yeah, Frank. But have you—"

"Yes, I have fucked our mother's ass," I stated firmly. "We both enjoyed it, and it wasn't dirty."

Our mother stood up, lifted the long T-shirt she wears over nothing else and turned around, bending slightly and laying her hands over the smooth globes of her ass cheeks.

"Are you sure you don't want to try this, Gordy?" She parted her cheeks enough for us to see her butthole.

"Well, uh, I guess so."

"Okay. We'll do it this way." When our mother wants to try a new sex act, she doesn't bother to ask our permission. She knows she'll have it.

We went up to her bedroom, where she had special sheets laid out on her enormous bed. The bed could hold all three of easily, and I realized that it was the perfect size for a comfortable three-way. I also realized that we hadn't doubled up on our mother simply because no one had thought of it before.

Our mother pulled off the T-shirt, got on the bed and turned over, raising her beautifully formed ass. Reaching back, she spread her cheeks to show her butthole. I knew what ass-fucking involved, so while my brother stood at



the foot of the bed, contemplating Mom's nudity, I went to the bathroom and got the lubricant. When I came back, my brother was taking off his underpants and our mother was sitting up at the edge of the bed.

"It's important to lubricate me thoroughly back here," she instructed. "Gordy, have you ever rimmed a girlfriend?"

"Uh, ah, not yet," my brother stammered.

"Well, come over here and give it a try." His cock was hard, and Mom reached up to give it a quick squeeze before flipping over on her back again. "You've used your mouth on my pussy, so why not on my other hole, too?"

I stood beside the bed, watching my brother press his face against Mom's ass crack. From the way she bucked back at him, I could tell that he was rimming her the right way. Sure enough, her pussy was wet when he lifted his head off her. I handed the lubricant to Gordy, and at Mom's instruction, he greased up his fingers and slid a hand down her butt crack. Our mother shrieked as he pushed in a finger, and he quickly withdrew it.

"No, no, keep it up. Loosen me, Gordy!"

He slid in his hand again, giving her two fingers, and she announced that she was ready. I took a condom from the box on her night table and tossed the packet to Gordy. He put it on and didn't have to be told to lubricate his

cock. Apparently, he no longer thought of ass fucking as dirty. He got behind her, and I moved around the bed so I could watch him slide his sheathed, greased cock down her butt crack.

Mom shrieked even louder and he stopped, and she urged him to push on. Her next sound was a deep sigh of pleasure, and she gasped at him to get his hand on her cunt. Stroking and frigging, he gasped and grunted as our mother climaxed, and my brother groaned loudly as he shot off.

"So, we're almost ready, guys. Frank, since your brother is temporarily spent...."

She didn't have to finish her statement. I was on top of her in a flash, guiding my prick into her pussy. Watching us fuck got my brother hard again, and we took turns eating Mom's pussy until my prick was ready for our main event.

"Now, like we saw in the video, I'll be on top of one of you and the other will be behind. Get the idea?"

We were college students, Gordy a nineteen-year-old sophomore to my senior at age twenty-one, so we didn't need further instructions. Since Gordy had already had her rear, I felt it was my duty to take her ass this time. I got behind her and used tongue and fingers to lubricate her, and then I rolled to one side. Gordy got on his back. Mom climbed over him, holding his cock up with one hand and spreading her pussy lips with her other.

She cried out as I popped my dickhead through her anus, and my brother groaned that Mom's pussy was suddenly tighter around his cock. Her ass was tighter than I remembered.



I managed to keep my hands off my hard-on as I watched her lower her pussy to my brother's prick, and when it was in her to the base, Mom bent over him and raised her ass. I got behind her on my knees and slipped on a fresh rubber, and I grasped her bare hips for support as I slid my prick down Mom's ass crack.

She cried out again as I popped my dickhead through her anus, and I heard my brother groan that Mom's pussy suddenly gotten tighter around his cock. Her ass was tighter around my prick than I remembered, and I drew in a strong deep breath to hold back. We set up a rhythm, Mom lifting up as I

pushed in and vice versa, but after a few cock strokes, we just started fucking like crazy. Just as my brother gasped that he couldn't hold his cum another second, Mom started to climax, rocking back and forth. My brother shot his load, and my orgasm followed about ten seconds later.

Mom slumped down over Gordy, and I slumped down over her. We lay like that for a few minutes, and then I rolled off her and ran to the bathroom.

Later, watching TV, we heard an ad announcing "family fun." We couldn't stop laughing!

Jason
Kansas

Stories FAMILY-ONLY ORGIES

When the folks get together, they strip down and fuck!

SOMETHING I'LL LIKE

I reached down, caressing the long blonde hair on my daughter's head. She looked up at me, her innocent eyes sparkling with excitement. Carla grinned, her sweet smile turning naughty in the way that only an 18-year-old cutie's can turn as she looked down into my lap.

"What's this, Dad?" she cooed.

"Something for you," I answered, playing along with my daughter's game. "Something tasty."

"Is it something I'll like?" she asked.

"Yes," I said with a smile.

My innocent-looking daughter licked across the head of my rock-hard cock as she held it in her soft hands, a tiny squeal of delight escaping her lips as a bubble of precum on the tip of my prick burst across the flat of her tongue.

So much for Carla being innocent!

"Ooh, you're really leaking nice tonight, Dad," Carla whispered, her beautiful blue eyes still locked on mine. "Mmm, I love that taste. I think I'm hooked on juice."

"You should be," I laughed.

"I love sucking your cock, Dad."

"So, why don't you get to it?" I said as I caressed the back of my daughter's head in a not-so-subtle hint for her to take my cock in her mouth.

"Let me see if I can squeeze up a little more, first," my daughter giggled as she pressed her thumb against the thick vein in the front of my hard-on.

As she did, another oozing bubble of my lubrication came flowing from the tip of my prick. Carla leaned down, again swiping up the sweet juice with her lips, massaging my own cum back into the head of my jumping hard-on.

"I think it likes you," I said with a smile.

"It would like anyone who would do this," my naughty daughter said as she continued to lick across the head of my throbbing hard-on, her tongue slowly swirling over the underside.

"You're right," I laughed. "But I love watching you do it, Carla."

I do love watching. There is nothing hotter than seeing a woman look up at a man while she has his cock in her mouth.



"She watched as her brother crammed his thick prick up my wife's ass, and then my daughter went back to sucking my cock. 'I want you to cum in my mouth, Dad,' she purred."

Well, that's not altogether truthful. There is one thing hotter.

That is when the woman down on her knees sucking cock is the man's own daughter!

Carla opened her sweet mouth, engulfing my hard cock. She swooped down, swirling and squeezing, her pretty face rising and falling as she sucked my cock just the way I'd taught her. I was having a great time. Like I said, I like to look. As my pretty, cocksucking daughter wolfed down my boner, I looked around, wondering how the others were doing in this little family party.

What I saw didn't surprise me. Knowing my horny wife, Julie, and even more horny son, Ted, nothing I caught them doing ever surprised me. This time, Julie was leaning over the end of the couch. Ted was behind her. From the look on my wife's face, I knew exactly which hole my son was plugging with his thick eight-incher.

"Yes," Julie moaned. "Ooh, Jesus. That's it, baby. Give it to me. Ooh, shove that big cock up my ass, Teddy!"

"Are you sure, Mom?" Ted asked as he slowly withdrew an inch or so of glistening cock from his mother's well-greased asshole. "Can you take it?"

"Yes!" she hissed louder. "Fuck me. Ooh, God. Do it. I want to feel it so bad, baby. Fuck me. Fuck me up the ass!"

The sounds of the other couple made Carla turn her head for a few seconds. She watched as her brother

crammed every inch of his thick prick up my wife's ass, then my daughter went back to sucking my cock.

"I want you to cum in my mouth, Dad," she purred, those eyes back on mine. "Try shoving it down my throat when you cum, like Mom said."

Carla's lips centered the blunt tip of my cock once more, then she dropped down over it. My daughter still hasn't mastered the art of deepthroat, but she gets it a little deeper each time.

It was a struggle to pick where I wanted to look. I watched my own daughter sliding her lips up and down my cock as I felt my balls rising in the hairy sac holding them. I turned my head to see my son slamming his thick cock up his mother's ass, his balls swinging around so hard they were flapping into the thick pelt over her always wet pussy. My wife had her hands outstretched, as if she were fighting the pressure of Ted's attacking thrusts, but as I watched closer I saw her rock back to meet each stroke.

A purring moan brought my lust-hazed gaze back to Carla. She was riding my cock fast and furiously now, working for my orgasm, wanting to make her old man cum in her sweet mouth. She dropped down again, choking as the head of my prick touched the back of her throat, but keeping it there as she tried to learn her mother's favorite trick of deep-throating all the cocks in the family.

I felt my balls tightening just as Ted moaned out that he was going to cum. I grabbed my pretty daughter's face, sliding my cock in deep, and as her throat captured just the tip, I shot a huge load of cum into her sucking mouth.

Carla rose up, swallowing and swirling her mouth at the same time. She swallowed the last drop, then licked up anything that she might have missed.

Meanwhile, Ted was lying beside his mother, his prick softening as I watched. My wife looked spent, and I was the same. But even as Carla swallowed my load, she was watching Ted.

In this family, everyone plays!

Jerry
Indiana

WHO COULD MAKE HIM CUM?

Part of the fun of incest is all the weird combinations our family can come up with. Since everyone knows that everyone else loves sex, no one gets all pissed off if their current lover strays. Women tend to have that problem, and we try real hard not to let feelings get in the way of a good time.

Unlike my friends in college, I like watching my lovers with other women. I'm including even Uncle Bill, whom I dearly love to death.

Watching him with other women is really neat!

Especially when he's getting a blow job. All the women in the family says that Uncle Bill should be on an oral sex Olympics team.

Knowing how much Uncle Bill loves

head, Grandma set up a party in his honor last weekend. It was me, Mom, and Grandma. Three generations of cocksuckers all in action, and only one cock to share between three hungry mouths.

For Uncle Bill, he had his mother, his sister and his niece all naked and circling his hard cock, all of those women competing to see who could make him cum.

We took turns, sixty seconds each, and Grandma said no cheating by running a fist up and down the shaft, or sliding a finger up Uncle Bill's ass when the others weren't watching.

I kept it fair, or at least within the rules.

I started. One thing I love about sucking an older guy's cock is that it isn't always like a steel pipe the first time I touch it. Uncle Bill's cock was soft as I wrapped my lips around it. I felt it grow in my mouth, becoming thicker and slowly hardening until it was big enough to suck.

My first turn was over. I kissed Uncle Bill's cock and moved around behind him, dragging my tits over his back as I scraped his shoulders with my fingernails. Mom was swirling her lips up and down the hard-on I caused, grinning as she saw how far she could get it down her throat. Uncle Bill was groaning, but the sound was muffled since Grandma was kissing him at the time. Then those two switched, and Grandma sucked cock while Mom swapped spit with her brother.

By the time I got my second turn, Uncle Bill's cock was glistening with spit and so hard it was throbbing. I licked him from balls to pecker-tip, then began sucking like crazy. With only one

"My uncle's cock was soft as I wrapped my lips around it. I felt it grow in my mouth, becoming thicker and slowly hardening until it was big enough to suck."

minute per turn, you can't let the guy cool off from what the last cocksucker just did. I swirled my way up and down, tasting the slippery goo beginning to drip from my favorite uncle's cock, but then my turn was up again.

I watched my mother and grandmother doing what they do best, then I got my third turn. I was determined that Uncle Bill would cum this time. I took it to the back of my throat and hummed, the sound sending vibrations through the head of his cock. Then I leaned forward as my mouth came up, dragging my titties over his inner thighs. Uncle Bill moaned as I pushed my tits in tight around the base of his cock and balls, and seconds later, he shot a huge load of cum into my mouth.

I swallowed three times to get it all, and when I came up from that shrinking thing I had a smile on my face.

"You cheated!" Mom was yelling.

"No," Grandma laughed. "No one mentioned not using tits."

"Well, that's still cheating," Mom said, glancing from her 32B chest to my 40DD.

"Connie Sue still won," Grandma said, ending the conversation before any of us could get angry. "She just used what God gave her."

"More like what Dr. Roberts gave her," Mom muttered under her breath.

"I win," I giggled. "And that means that Uncle Bill fucks me tonight."

"I guess," Mom said reluctantly.

"But I'll let you suck Uncle Bill until he's hard again, Mom," I said as I hugged my mother to show her that I still loved her.

Yes, my tits might be fake, but they are pretty damn nice to feel. Mom pushed me away for a second, but then she hugged me back and even gave each nipple a little suck to show me that she still loved me, too.

I knew that my mother wouldn't be left out of the fun. Dad and Grandpa were due home soon, and I knew that Grandpa couldn't wait to fuck his daughter one more time. I figured that by the time my mother got her brother hard again, Grandpa would be behind her and giving her the high hard one doggy-style and Dad would be doing the same to Grandma.

And besides, I got my love for cock-sucking honestly. I knew that Mom would love making her brother's boner grow one more time!

I might be the winner of the cock-sucking contest, but I had the feeling that all three of us would get our fill of family cock before the night was through.

Like I said, none of the women in this family gets pissed at each other for very long.

We're usually too busy getting fucked!

Connie Sue
North Dakota

MOTHER'S (THREE-WAY) DAY

It wasn't my birthday, or Mother's Day, but my three sons all visited me last Saturday. Tommy cut the grass, and Johnny fixed the light in the hallway, and Billy ran down to the hardware store to pick up a new rake to clean up the mess that Tommy made after the bag on the mower broke.

Then, with all the chores done, my three sons showered one after the other. Work over, it was time to play and they did what I hoped all three would do when I first saw them driving up together. Usually when they come to visit it's one at a time, or maybe two will show up together on a rare occasion. This was the first time in two years that all three of my boys were home at the same time.

It was also the first time in way too long that all three of my sons fucked me together!

All three of my darling sons took me at the same time, Billy's cock in my mouth, Johnny's up my ass and Tommy's big dong throbbing as it filled my pussy to the max. They worked together to do something else, which was make me cum nicer than I've cum in a long time.

I'd forgotten how stuffed it felt to have all three of my sons' cocks inside me at the same time. It was wonderful! I was trapped in the middle like some bug about to become be part of a col-

lection. Tommy started the party off on his back in the middle of my bed. I got up on top of him, wetting that ten-inch hard-on of his with my mouth, then I slid down to fill my pussy with my middle son's beefy hard-on.

Tommy and I kissed as my pussy adjusted to his size. I was soon sliding up and down, and that was when Billy pushed his pretty prick to my face for a suck. I grabbed it with one hand, holding on with the other, and as my younger son moaned, I began sucking him.

Last, but certainly not least, was my eldest son. Johnny used about a half-tube of anal gel on my ass, and then he eased the tip of his thin, long dick up my behind. Johnny worked slowly, not hurrying or hurting me in the least. He eased all eight inches of his prick into my ass, then began moving in time with his younger brother in my pussy.

They double-fucked me, fore and aft, one cock going into my ass as the cock in my pussy pulled back. They humped in and out of me, timing it perfectly, leaving me panting in the middle, not sure which way to move my hips.

I loved it!

The whole time my two older sons' double-fucked me, my youngest was feeding his poor old Mom a third cock, face-fucking me, driving his prick all the way down to my tonsils in long, tingling, slow strokes. He watched the others, timing his own orgasm with

"All three of my darling sons took me at the same time, my oldest son's cock in my mouth, my middle son's in my ass and my youngest son's filling my pussy."

theirs, waiting to cum until his two older brothers were right on the edge of blasting off.

I felt all three cocks throbbing, and like I always do, I blanked out. There was so much stimulation that I don't really remember what I did next. All I know is that I started cumming and didn't stop until I had a mouth full of cum, an ass full of cum and a pussy full of cum.

Now, that's what I call a family visit!

Valerie
Washington

MY FIRST ORGY

I was the center of attention at my first family sex party. I was 20 years old, much older than most for my first orgy. Everyone was there, watching as Mom and my older sister Vickie acted as fluff-girls for the night.

For those of you not in the know, Mom tells me that a "fluff-girl" is someone who works off-camera for X-rated movies. She's the one who makes the male star in a porno flick hard before a scene. In other words, she's the sexiest woman the director can find and usually the best cocksucker in the show. She's the one who makes all the men wild with desire, making sure that each dick is as stiff as possible before the actor jumps the lead actress in front of the camera.

I never have asked Mom how she knows about fluff-girls, but that's a story I'm dying to hear!

Mom and Vickie were fluffing like mad. Mom had already made Dad and my older brother as hard as a rock. Vickie was bringing Granddad's boner

to full erection, too. The other man in the room was my younger brother, Adam.

Adam doesn't need a fluff-girl.

His cock is always hard!

Even though Adam was almost two years younger than me, this was his third party. Adam told me how much fun it was at one of the family orgies, and that I could do as much or as little as I liked, and that I could stop anytime I wished.

Sometime during those long conversations, I realized why my brother was trying to talk me into attending an orgy so hard.

Adam wanted to be the one to take my cherry!

Yeah. On the night of my first orgy, I was a virgin!

I thought about it a lot for a couple of years. I wanted the man I married to be the one to pop my cherry, but I was 20 years old and had no clue as to who that might be. I was getting more horny by the day, and I was getting the reputation of a woman who would do almost anything except go all the way.

So, I decided to take the family up on their standing offer and decided to star in my own family orgy. Dad and my other brother, Brad, began kissing me and feeling me up, driving me nuts. They both put cocks against my belly and back, the thump of those two hard-ons making me want to take them on both at the same time.

But as Dad eased me on my back, Adam was the one who slid between my open legs. Mom was at his ear, telling Adam to go slow, urging him not to hurt me, or else!

But I was so horny all I felt was a split-second stab of pain and then an

"I decided to take the family up on their standing offer and star in my own family orgy. So, Dad and my other brother began kissing me and feeling me up."

overwhelming wave of pure pleasure as my brother's cock popped through into my tight pussy.

One second I was a virgin, and the next I was screaming for him to fuck me harder and deeper and faster.

I became a cock-slut so fast, it was scary!

I mean, I fucking loved real sex from the first stroke. I knew the others were watching, and that made me hotter. I gasped with every stroke, my sounds probably louder than normal, but I wanted them to know how much I loved this, and as my brother squirted his juices into my climaxing cunt about two minutes into my first fuck, the scream that rang out proved that my love for incest was only getting deeper and more serious.

Dad did me next, jumping right in there, easing his bigger cock into the slimy mess that Adam left. Dad fucked me hard, propping me up and holding my ass. He drove his cock in and out, humping his hard-on into me until I came so hard I saw spots in front of my eyes. Then Dad pulled out, sliding his slimy cock up to my lips. He held it there and I jacked it off, the tip only inches from my eyes, and about ten seconds later my father shot his load all over my face.

You should have heard Mom and Vickie cheer when they saw that!

Granddad said that he wanted my mouth, too. I rolled over, dropping my

face in Granddad's lap, and as I started sucking his cock, I felt Brad's hands on my hips.

"Yes," I muttered around a mouthful of cock. "Do it, Brad. Fuck me from behind."

"You be careful," I heard Mom warning with a serious look on her face. "I don't want to hear that you 'accidentally' slipped up the wrong hole."

I wasn't sure what she meant, not until later when I saw Brad butt fucking Vickie. That was when I learned that my older brother is an anal freak, a guy who just loves to fuck a woman up the ass until she screams. When I saw his cock sinking into her asshole like that, this wild, empty feeling started in the pit of my tummy.

But I thought of all that later. At the time, in the middle of my orgy, all I could think about was the way Granddad's cock felt jumping against my tongue, and the amazing way my big brother's cock was sliding in and out of my no-longer-virgin pussy. I discovered that there are a lot of ways to fuck.

Brad held it, not cumming until I was there, and to make the party perfect, Granddad popped off in my mouth shortly after my brother unloaded his balls into me doggy-style.

It's been a week since that party, and my sore body is telling me that it's time for another orgy. I've been thinking about Brad, and about how he

loves anal sex. I talked to Mom about it this morning. She said it was okay, as long as my big brother takes it easy.

She is still worried that he'll hurt me, but after the sweet way Brad fucked me last time, I know that he's the perfect man for me at the next party.

Guess who is going to pop my anal cherry tomorrow night?

Yvonne
Florida

STRAIGHT SEX ONLY

Martha, my wife, told me that when she turned 40 years old she wanted a gang-bang for her birthday present, and that's exactly what she got. We've been into swinging since I met Martha when she was a 19-year-old wild-child who just moved to Louisville.

My wife left the party up to me. I thought about asking some of our swinging friends, but I thought I knew my wife well enough to know whom she would really want for her birthday gang-bang.

I made some calls. I asked several of my male in-laws if they would like to participate. I also asked a couple of people from right in here Louisville. Martha's family has always been close, and yes, that does mean that they fuck. Coming from the hills of Kentucky, the family has practiced incest for generations and moving to

Louisville hasn't changed her much. Martha still makes love with several of her male family members on a regular basis on top of swinging with me.

I set it up for over the holidays. No, that's not my wife's birthday, but I was planning a surprise party.

This way, I would be sure to surprise her!

All the guys I called showed up for the gang-bang, and I set them up in four rooms out by the interstate. One room had a king-size bed, so that was where the party took place. I gave them a case of beer and a couple of fuck-flicks to keep them busy, then I went to pick up Martha for her special night out.

I took Martha out for dinner and bought her a bunch of drinks. We went to a romantic movie, and I finger fucked her to about a dozen orgasms in the dark theater. In the car I made her cum again as I drove, with Martha on her back, her head in my lap, her legs spread wide open to flash all the truckers. Her panties were hanging on the rearview mirror. I slowed each time I came up even with a truck, and every time some trucker honked his horn as I paused at the side of the truck, my wife would cum.

By the time we got to the motel, my wife was all over me, tugging at my zipper even before the door closed, and when the lights came on and everyone jumped out to yell "Surprise," Martha was on her knees with my cock

"When the lights came on and everyone jumped out to yell, "Surprise," my wife was on her knees with my cock in her hand, her mouth only about an inch from the tip."

in her hand, her mouth only about an inch from the tip.

Martha was really surprised and very, very happy. She called me a couple of nasty names, but she was laughing as she did. I said that I'd set her gang bang up, but I never told her when. Martha kissed me, then she laughed as the guys all dragged her to the bed and started taking her clothes off.

I supervised, handing out condoms and making sure that everyone wore one. This orgy was straight sex only, cock in cunt. Martha didn't care how they did it, but she wanted to be fucked more in one night that she had ever been fucked in her life. She let each man decide how he wanted to fuck her.

My wife didn't care, as long as she ended up with another family cock in her hot pussy!

Hank, our son, went first. Hank and his mother have been making it ever since he came of age, but I know how much Martha still loves to feel his cock inside her. Hank fucked her missionary style, humping like a rabbit over her belly, and when he came, he dropped the first used condom into the trash can.

The first of many, I might add!

I invited three of Martha's cousins, two of her uncles, her one son, and me. That made seven men and one woman. Martha fucked every cock in the room, each of them more than once.

Martha was a sexual terror. She didn't need any foreplay. There was no sucking or fingering to get her ready. Each new family man just had Martha get into whatever position he liked.

She fucked on top, took it from behind and rubbed bellies with everyone in the room. I watched her fucking on her side with her face in the pillows, and a couple of times she fucked standing up. I know that Hank fucked her four times, and both of the uncles got in two apiece. Being the host, I had to get my licks in, too, and I came three times during the long night.

But those three cousins were a trip. Between them, I think they used up 11 condoms. Nathan was still plugging away at six o'clock the next morning trying to fill another one. Other than Nathan, Martha basically fucked us into the ground and still wanted more when the party finished. Good old Nathan finally shot a load that was mostly dust, and we had to haul him off Martha's naked body so I could take her home!

All in all, I'd say that was one hell of a gang bang.

But I'm wondering.

Should I have invited eight guys to the gang bang instead of just seven?

Name and address withheld by
request

THE WHOLE FUCKING FAMILY

I raised my face from the tasty pussy I was licking, hearing sounds of sex coming from all around the family room. My sister was already watching, and when she felt me raise my face, she smiled down to me. Pamela was really enjoying it. Her cunt was drenched, and I could feel her juices dripping from my chin and cheeks.

"It looks like everyone's having fun," Pamela panted.

"I guess!" I laughed.

Pam and I changed places. I sat on the couch and she straddled my waist. She put one foot on either side of my hips, sliding down with her ass towards me. I held my cock up high, letting my sister guide the tip into the pussy I'd just finished licking. Once I was firmly inside, she spread her thighs, putting each on one arm of the big chair. She rocked slowly, her pussy gripping around my cock like a fist in a greased glove.

"Fuck me slow, Nick," Pam whispered as she turned back towards me, her wiggling body settling down over my cock as she leaned into my arms.

"Nice and slow," I agreed as I gripped my sister's grapefruit-sized boobs from behind.

Now that we were both looking in the same direction, the two of us had a choice of what we wanted to see. We watched the other two couples in the room as they made love. We weren't the only ones committing incest that night.

Not by a long shot!

"Ooh, yeah," I heard my mother groaning from the other big overstuffed chair in front of the fireplace. "That's it. Lick it. Ooh, lick the clit, baby. That's the way I like it. Ooh, keep doing that and I'm going to cum, Howard."

I took hold of Pamela's nipples, her wet pussy rippling up and down over my stiff pecker. My sister purred, but her eyes stayed open so she could watch all the neat action.

We both turned our heads at the next sound came from the other side of the musk-scented room.

"Fuck me, Dad," I heard my younger sister groaning. "Ooh, fuck me so good, Dad!"

"Yes, baby," Dad groaned back.

"I can feel it throbbing, Dad," Becky moaned.

"Work it," Dad grunted. "Work it, Rebecca. Make Dad cum."

Dad had Becky propped up with his arms under her knees, and he was humping her with long, teeth-jarring strokes. Becky was rolled up in a ball, her heels behind her ears, and every time she bounced into the springs on the couch, her sexy young body would recoil back up towards Dad's next stroke.

I could feel Pam's head swiveling back and forth, but I kept my gaze locked on my sister. Dad was really humping her pussy, and Becky was cumming like a freight train running out of control. I heard my mother cumming, and I knew without looking that she was now returning the favor. Pamela groaned over me, her pussy clamping down as another climax rushed through her body.

I began sliding my cock in and out

"As my older sister and I fucked, we both turned our heads at a sound that came from across the room. 'Fuck me, Dad,' I heard my younger sister groan. 'Ooh, fuck me so good, Dad!'"

faster, driving up into one sister as I watched my other sister taking it the same way. I took one glance over towards Mom when I heard a loud groan, and I watched her sucking the juice from my brother's big cock. Mom swallowed it all, and then moved over to lick Dad's ass as he pounded his prick harder into Becky.

I knew that I couldn't hold out. The smell of sex filled the air, and Pam's pussy was so hot and wet and slippery. I pushed in deep, letting her milk over my cock, and as I heard Dad grunting that he was cumming, I shot off into my sister's sweet snatch.

Nicholas
Virginia

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MOM, WE CAN'T DO THIS

"Are you out of your mind?" I squawked as Mom stuffed her hand down the front of my jeans. She grasped my hard-on and gave it a slow, sensuous, utterly manipulative squeeze. As much as I might have wanted to stay calm, I couldn't help throwing an immediate boner. "Mom!"

"Shh, not so loud." She sank her fingers into my private flesh for a second squeeze. I squirmed on my feet, but I made no sincere effort to get away. My mother's talented hand was just too convincing.

The only trouble was, we were at the city park, in an area that we'd rented for the family reunion. On the other side of those bushes were literally dozens of family members from all generations,

up to and including my last surviving great-grandmother. I could just imagine the total freak-out that would occur if I was caught with Mom's hands in my shorts. "Mom," I whispered again. "We can't do this."

"Yes, we can. We've got to. I'm on fire, just sitting there and knowing that no one even suspects that we're having an affair."

"You're always on fire," I whispered. What is it about turning 50? I'm convinced that my mother was a perfectly normal suburban housewife until she hit the big five-oh. Hell, everybody else in the family thinks she still is. I'm the only one who knows that she's become a raging hormonal mess who can't keep her hands off her 23-year-old son. Not that I'm exactly complaining, though.

She got her other hand in my pants, and it was too much for me. I gestured



"More cunt juice gushed out of her, and I licked all around her cunt. 'Okay, pull up your pants and let's get back to the picnic,' I said to my mother."

toward a more wooded part of the park, and she read the gesture for the surrender it was. Temporarily releasing my cock, she took me by the hand and we scampered off in search of a secret spot.

"We've got to work fast," Mom said with a giggle. "We don't want Grandma to send out a search party, do we?"

Deep in the bushes, I unzipped Mom's jeans and yanked them down to her knees. She wasn't wearing underpants, which was nice and convenient. I stuck out my tongue and started lapping on her plump, pink pussy lips. Despite her age, she creams a lot, and I can't resist getting her mess all over my tongue. Mom sighed contentedly as I dipped my tongue-tip in and out of her self-lubricating hole.

"You're the best, Earl," she said with a shiver. "It must be true that every generation learns a little more about oral sex."

"Where did you hear that?" I asked, before returning my tongue to her slit.

"The Internet," she replied.

Figures. Anyway, I buried my nose in her pussy and went to work as thoroughly as I could. It wasn't a time for slow, teasing touches. There was no telling when any one of the family members at the reunion would start to wonder where we were. So, I licked directly against Mom's clit, a technique guaranteed to send her straight into orbit.

"Mmm," she sighed. "Oh, God, yes!"

Her thighs rippled, and the tiny muscles within her pussy clamped down hard on my tongue-tip. I held my face against her warm mound of Venus for several seconds as she came. More cream gushed out of her cunt, and I licked all around to make sure that it didn't leave a mess on my lips.

"Okay, that's it, you've cum, pull up your pants and let's get back to the picnic," I said.

"No way, Earl!" Now she was one who was squawking. "I'm not leaving this bush until you get your dick where it belongs!"

Well, I wasn't raised to say no to my mother. Besides, what else can a man do when he's confronted with irresistible female sexuality? I didn't want to have my butt hanging out in the open in a public park, so I just unzipped my fly and hauled my cock out through the gap. The blood pumping through my dick-veins had already reached the boiling point. Mom smiled and licked her lips as I revealed how I was steadily dripping precum from the tip of my cockhead.

"You're just as much of a pervert as I am," she crowed. "You're a true son of mine."

"I know, and I'm kind of glad." I didn't want my mother on the grass, so I spread out on my back and let her climb on top of me. She hurriedly pulled her jeans the rest of the way down and kicked them off, then straddled me. She slid her wet pussy away

down the length of my cockshaft until her body slammed hard against mine.

"Whoa!" she said. "You feel huge."

"You feel wet. And hot. And sticky."

"Oh, yes."

Our joined bodies began to churn. Off in the distance, I could hear the sounds of a couple of family members arguing about politics. Ha! They thought they knew how to run the world, but they had no idea what was going on just beneath their own noses. Mom heard them too, and she kissed me full on the mouth, slipping her tongue behind my teeth to tantalize the sensitive areas. Why is it so exciting to know that you could get caught doing something completely against society's dictates? I could just imagine the expression on certain stuck-up cousins' faces. And my Aunt Maude, Mom's sister, the one who thought her shit didn't stink...she'd just crawl in a hole and pull in the dirt right over her head.

My mother continued to rock on top of me. I was pounding high and hard, holding nothing back. When you're trying to bring off a public quickie, you don't waste any time thinking about baseball scores. At first she'd been stretched out on top of me, so she could kiss my mouth and rub her tits into my chest while we fucked. Now, as she grew more excited, she sat straight up and put her entire weight into humping up and down the length of my prick. It felt so intense that I wanted to scream, but I didn't dare. Finally, just when my willpower was about to hit the breaking point, I erupted. Since she was already cumming, her orgasmic contractions pushed my softening dick and a lot of the jizz right out of herself.

Well, I couldn't just tell her to pull up her pants, now could I? She'd have a big wet spot all over the front of her jeans! So, I slapped my tongue between her legs and started licking away to clean up the mess. I could feel the tiny jiggles and lurchings still working through her flesh.

"That was amazing, Earl," she murmured.

At last, she'd been properly tongue-dried, and we could get our clothes back in place and return to the picnic. As usual, no one had a clue.

Earl
Oklahoma

THEY'RE IN THE NEXT ROOM!

At 22, I was too old to go on a family vacation, but since I didn't have a summer job, my parents insisted. I guess they thought I would get into trouble rattling around the big old homestead on my own. Little did they know the kind of trouble I'd get into by joining them and my 18-year-old sister in Florida!

Amy had just celebrated her crucial birthday a few weeks before graduating high school, and she'd developed a whole new attitude. I'd guessed that she'd started experimenting with sex, although I'm pretty sure that my parents didn't have any idea. Anyway, once we got to the beach, Amy went wild. We'd rented a little beachside condo, and I woke up one morning to find Amy in my bedroom—in fact, in my bed. She'd just scrambled under the sheets and had wrapped her lips around my dick when I pushed her away.

"She just scrambled under the sheets and wrapped her lips around my dick. 'Are you crazy?' I hissed. 'You're my sister. And Mom and Dad are in the next room!'"

"Are you crazy?" I hissed. "You're my sister. And Mom and Dad are in the next room!"

Amy stuck out her lower lip in a pout and flounced away. I told myself that it wouldn't happen again and tried to ignore my early-morning hard-on. I didn't want my sister to sneak back in here and catch me jerking off, so I decided to throw on some shorts and go jogging on the beach to work off the energy. Little did I know that Amy was spying on me to see where I was going.

I'd barely gotten past the first sand dune before I heard Amy calling behind me, "Wait, Jimmy, wait up!"

I nearly died when I turned and saw the spaghetti-like scraps of fabric that she called her new bikini. My hard-on was back and worse than ever, and I was just grateful that there was no one else on the beach this early. You could tell that Amy's pussy had to be shaved completely bald, because otherwise the hair would show. "There are public obscenity laws against that," I said.

Amy grabbed the bulge in my jogging shorts. "I'm not the only public obscenity. How can you walk around like that?" The way she was rubbing wasn't helping any. "Oh, God, you're just getting harder. Come on, Jimmy, let me suck it!"

There was no question about what I had to do. Mom and Dad liked to take a walk on the beach early in the morning, and they could be along at any minute. It was just a crazy, insane, lunatic risk

to allow Amy anywhere near the bulge in my shorts. Yet she had me so aroused that I just couldn't think straight. "All right," I finally croaked. "But make it quick. We don't want Mom to see!"

Amy tugged my shorts down to my ankles. Now I was effectively hobbled and couldn't have made a run for it if I wanted to. As I stood there near the sand dune, I realized that most of the beach was wide open. Anyone could see us if they happened to come out at the wrong moment. I should have been terrified. Instead, I was ridiculously excited. My sister's mouth puckered like the world's most flexible asshole. She dribbled just enough and sealed her lips tightly about my flesh. I fucked her face roughly, not bothering to restrain my frantic energies.

"Faster, faster," I begged.

My balls felt like they were about to explode. For someone who'd been in practice for only a few weeks, Amy performed a hell of a blow job. Fuck. She could have given lessons to experienced whores. What was that thing where she stretched her lips way over her teeth to provide extra padding before she did the deepthroat? I didn't know that a woman's lips could be that flexible. She bobbed her mouth up and down the length of my shaft, and I humped at the back of her throat as hard as I could. It seemed like agonizing hours before I exploded, but I know it couldn't have been more than a couple of minutes.

I was shaking so hard that I couldn't pull up my jogging shorts. My sister had to do it for me. Then she pushed on my shoulders, causing me to sink to my knees. "What?" I stammered.

"It's okay, you can lick me right through my bikini bottom," she said. "That little scrap of cloth isn't going to interfere with anything."

I stuck out my tongue and went to town. The salty air of the sea was already overwhelming, so Amy's sweet muff tasted mild and sweet by contrast. As she'd said, the bit of fabric that pretended to cover her clitoris didn't give me any problems. I just shoved it aside and stuck my tongue right into her dripping cunt. I wasn't sure if she was a clit-centered or a pussy-centered girl, and I didn't want to spend a lot of time finding out, so I used my upper lip to stimulate her clit while I flicked my tongue in and out of her slit. Amy moaned so happily that I knew I was on the right track.

Fortunately for everybody concerned, she was a fast cum. I'd been licking for maybe five minutes when she suddenly convulsed against my lips. Her pussy muscles tried to drag my tongue-tip deeper inside as the contractions worked through her interior, but I managed to pull free of her quivering body. She'd barely patted her bikini bottom back into place before I looked down the beach and saw our parents coming out of the condo.

"Amy, what do you think you're wearing?" Mom yelled.

I hate to think what she would have said if she'd walked up five minutes earlier.

Jim
North Carolina

WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?

Sandy flipped up the hem of her skirt and flashed me a glimpse of her jade-green satin underpants. "Want it, Dad?" she asked, a glint of mischief in her silvery eyes.

We'd been shopping, and there seemed to be something about spending money that roused my 23-year-old daughter's blood. "Here?" I glanced uneasily around the covered parking lot. There didn't seem to be anyone around, but I knew that could change at any minute. "Where's your mother?"

"She's getting that package wrapped for Kitty's baby shower. It will take at least 20 minutes before she gets out to the car."

"More like ten minutes."

Sandy shrugged and lifted her skirt again. This time she placed her own hand on the green satin crotch and began to rub slowly and enticingly. The front of my pants swelled of its own volition. If I didn't watch out, I was going to start leaking precum into my boxer shorts.

"We've got to work fast," I said.

"Oh, I can work very, very fast, Dad."

We'd already packed the shopping bags in the hatchback. My daughter playfully backed into the hood and bent her flexible young spine backward so that she was half-lying, half-standing on the car, her feet still planted firmly on the concrete. Her legs weren't spread very wide, but she could easily pull her satin underpants down to the middle of her thighs to expose her pussy. What further foreplay did we need? Sandy had taken to shaving her mound since the beginning of our affair

"It would have been foolish to strip bare in a public parking lot. Besides, my daughter and I had only ten minutes to fuck before my wife came back to the car."

a few months ago, and I could easily see the thick, clear drops of sex sauce that oozed from her cunt.

It would have been foolish to strip bare in a public parking lot. I didn't have to, though. Since getting sexually involved with my daughter, I've learned every trick I need to know about whipping my dick out through an unzipped fly. Sandy giggled with frank excitement when she saw my hard-on come into view.

"It's always so gooey, Dad!" she squeaked.

"Whose fault is that?"

I stepped up close and bent over her quivering body. Although the car had been parked some time while we shopped, it felt as if heat waves were rising from the engine. But I knew that the heat came from Sandy. I eased my prickhead between her pussy lips. She made a tight circle with her hips, moving beneath me in a manner that encouraged me to rotate my prickshaft inside her. As I stirred my cock around in her wet cunt, I felt myself caring less and less about the fact that we were fucking in public at the mall. What crazy thing would Sandy make me do next? And how hard would I cum when I did it?

"Yes, Daddy, yes." She cooed like a horny pigeon. She kicked one of her feet off the floor, and she began to slide on the hood of the car. I had to pin her in place with my cock before I caught her with both hands, but she never

missed a fuck stroke. Her cunt met my rhythm with an instinctive enthusiasm that I've never encountered with another woman, not even her mother.

"Ooh, Daddy, we'd better hurry," she added.

I kissed her hard on the mouth to muffle her screams. She fluttered her lips and tongue in my mouth, and her entire young body struggled beneath the weight of mine. Even though we were mostly clothed, I could easily feel the contractions that heaved through her belly. As for her cunt itself—damn! It massaged my cock from all directions, pressing every trigger I'd ever possessed. I don't know how I kept from screaming as I emptied into my daughter in a burning gush. It seemed to take at least five full minutes to finish spurting.

Finally, with shaking hands, Sandy yanked up her panties and smoothed down her skirt. I tucked my dick back into my fly and zipped it all the way up, but the telltale scent of spilled jizz lingered in the air. I had no choice but to light up one of the cigarettes that Sandy carried for just such emergencies. As I took my first puff, my wife popped out of the elevator.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Mike. You told me you quit smoking."

I'm afraid I've told her a lot of things that aren't strictly true. But, as they say, what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

Mike
Wisconsin

A HAND CAN GO ANYWHERE

I don't know why my older sister decided to get married in Hawaii. It had to be the most dumb-ass idea ever, making people fly all that way just to go to a wedding and turn around and fly back. They've got wedding chapels everywhere, right? But she insisted, and so here we were, the entire family in the back section of the jumbo jet. We'd already had an airline meal (bad) and watched an airline movie (worse). Now most of the people on the flight were asleep, but I can't sleep when I'm like 20,000 miles above nothing but ocean!

The only good thing about the flight is that it was half-empty, so you could get a couple of seats together and put the arms down if you wanted to stretch your legs. I noticed that Doug, my favorite cousin, was already spread out over three center seats, which still left him a little cramped since he's a six-footer. He's also a major stud, although he's always ignored me because he's a whole year older. I mean, that's a big deal when you're ten, but it's nothing when one of you is 19 and the other's 20.

"Hey," Doug mumbled when I lifted up his feet and sat down in one of his seats. "I was trying to get some sleep."

He was more or less covered up by one of those thin airline blankets. I pulled part of the blanket over my lap

and my right hand, then I started walking my hand over to his lap. He started as he realized that I was slowly and carefully unzipping his fly beneath the blanket.

"Hey," he whispered. "What the fuck you think you're doing?"

"I was just checking something."

"Checking what? And why were you checking it in my pants?"

"Well, I always heard that guys get a hard-on when they're sleeping. And I guess it's true, because I can feel a little one in your pants."

He didn't know whether to be outraged or turned-on. "A 'little' one? Is nine inches your idea of 'little?'"

"Nine inches? Really? I'm not sure about that." Before I dug my hand more deeply into his fly, I glanced around to see if anybody was paying attention. They weren't. You couldn't even see the heads above most of the seats, a sure sign that almost everyone was sleeping. And the roar of the jet drowned out our conversation for anyone except ourselves. I decided that I could do more than a hand job under these particular circumstances.

Doug couldn't believe it when I stuck my head under the blanket and homed in on his dick. "Are you nuts?" he whispered. "Someone might see."

"Well, keep a lookout for me. You can see if a stewardess is coming or if Daddy is getting up to go to the potty or something."

He groaned, and that sounded like a

"Keep a lookout for me. You can see if a stewardess is coming or if Daddy is getting up to go to the potty or something," I said to my cousin, then I took his prick in my mouth."

yes to me. Besides, his meaty dick was every bit as enormous as he'd promised. There was no way that I'd be able to get more than two-thirds of it crammed into my mouth, but I didn't mind giving it the old college try. Gulping and swallowing, I struggled mightily to get all the dick that I could handle. Doug suddenly swung his legs back down to the floor, which caused his hard-on to stand up straight. Wow! That's when his cockhead touched the back of my throat!

I'd never taken anyone that deep, never felt my mouth stretch and strain to the breaking point like that. I think I would have moaned, except that his hard-on made a very effective gag. So, all I did was continue to suck and drool until Doug whispered, "Hey! I think I'm gonna cum!" He touched my shoulders as if to guide me out from under the blanket, but I just sealed my lips more tightly about his prick. I wasn't about to give up his jizz for anything less than a damn engine falling off the plane.

Doug's cock skipped a beat, then spurted. It spat and twisted within my mouth like a popped balloon. I gulped again and again, a little surprised at how far back he'd shot his wad. I could hardly taste the spunk because he'd blown right over my taste buds. Oh, well. I could feel the ejaculatory shudders, and that's what really matters, right?

When I emerged from beneath the blanket, I know I must have looked like a mess, with screwed-up hair flying everywhere and prickly heat all over my sexually flushed face. Yet my cousin seemed to think I was beautiful. He kissed me full on the mouth. We kept kissing and giggling, giggling and kissing. I guess we were being pretty bold,

but no one seemed alert enough to notice anything much.

"What about you?" Doug whispered. "I'm too big to get down and do anything with my face in here. And, for sure, this bird wasn't designed for back-seat fucking."

I cuddled next to him, keenly aware of the blanket over our laps. "A hand can go anywhere," I said slyly.

Doug grinned. I always wear a long skirt instead of pants on a long plane trip, because it's just more comfortable with all the pressure changes if you don't have a lot of fabric tight around your legs. It was pretty easy for Doug to slip his hand under my skirt and my underpants. He homed in on my clitoris like he could actually see it.

I squirmed and giggled as he massaged my slit. At times, he put direct pressure on my love button. At other times, he deliberately rubbed all around it. There was no hurry, and he'd decided to take his time and tease me until I was half out of my skull. The crotch of my pants felt hot and sticky.

"You've sure got a wet box," Doug whispered.

"It's all for you," I told him with a smile.

Then it happened. Aunt Lisa, Doug's Mom, got up to visit the lavatory. Doug let his hand freeze under the blanket so she wouldn't see anything in motion as she walked past. He had to hold it there for what seemed an hour until Aunt Lisa did her business and came strolling sleepily back to her seat. Can you believe the frustration? It was so nasty that the minute he could start moving his finger again, I popped into a fast, wet orgasm that left sticky juices all over his hand.

It's a good thing that Doug and I got a little relief on the jet, because we were too swept up in my sister's wedding to have any more fun for the rest of the stupid visit. And the plane was too crowded on the flight back for any real action. But Doug promises me that the next time we fly somewhere, we're joining the Mile High Club!

Emily
Washington

CUNNILINGUS IN THE CORRIDOR

I won't feel completely accepted as a lesbian until I've had every female member of my family in a compromising position. People can say they love you and they understand you and they don't care if you're different, but it doesn't mean a thing until they show it in their actions. I started with my mother, because I craved her acceptance more than anyone else's. In fact, I didn't really plan that first seduction. It just kind of happened, thanks to too much rum punch at my older brother's wedding reception.

It was getting pretty late—the bride and groom had already been sent off with a soaped car and a shower of rice—but there were still some diehards enjoying the live R&B band and the free-flowing punch, and some of the immediate family was still hanging around, too. Mom noticed that I was standing around on the periphery,

and she came up to say something, and I somehow blurted out that she'd never have to worry about blowing a lot of money on a wedding for me.

"What are you saying?" She looked around like she was afraid of being overheard, then guided me into a nearby hallway where we couldn't be seen from the dance floor. "Are you telling me that you're a lesbian?"

I swallowed hard and nodded. Mom pushed me against the wall. I thought she was going to slap me, but then it seemed like we were kissing. I guess Mom had had a little rum punch too, and she wasn't used to alcohol. She slipped her hands under my party dress and massaged the front of my under-it-all pantyhose. "You like that? You like it when another woman feels you up?"

"It feels good, Mom. I can't lie," I whispered back.

"Does it feel good for me to roll down your pantyhose and dig my finger into your pussy and stir it around?"

As she described the activities, she put them into action. Based on the way she rotated her finger in my slit, it wasn't the first time she'd had her hands on a girl's hot, slippery pussy. Was my mother a bisexual? Had she herself had lesbian experiences? No, I told myself. That would be too good to be believed.

Another finger joined her first inside of my slit, then a third. I began to deliberately squeeze downward with

"Don't cry out," Mom advised as she frigged my pussy under my skirt. "Now would be a very bad time for your father to come wandering by."



my vaginal muscles, so that she could feel how I gripped and hugged her hand with my sensitive pussy. She slowly moved her fingers in and out, in and out. Oh, God, I've done men, and it was better than any man. She continued to spin and rotate her fingers, and I stood on the toes of my high-heeled party shoes.

"God," I grunted. "I'm afraid I'm going to scream."

"Don't," Mom advised. "Now would be a very bad time for your father to come wandering by."

We were close enough to the ballroom to hear the band. It was really only a few steps down this hallway, not exactly the time or place for a

long-drawn-out sex session. Fortunately, delightfully, Mom seemed to know everything she needed to know about how to masturbate another woman to completion. As she frigged me faster and faster, she began to rub the pad of her thumb against my clitty. My knees sagged, causing my body to sink down, which made Mom's hand feel even bigger on my snatch.

"That's it, baby," Mom murmured. "That's it. Cum all over my hand."

And I did. I just shot off, boom, just like that. I think I did scream a little bit, but the band was loud enough that nobody heard us. My pussy muscles contracted forcefully, pulling Mom's fin-

gers in more. Mom retrieved her shiny, cunt-stained hand. I looked at the goo all over it and knew that I couldn't let her go back into the ballroom like that. Sticking out my tongue, I hurriedly began to lick my own juices off her fingers before she could stop me.

Then we stood there a moment, just looking at each other, and I understood something about my mother that I'd never really understood before. She was a woman, a sexual woman, just like myself. I quietly slipped my hand beneath her skirt and began to rub the front of her satin slip. Mom squirmed a little, turning her hips this way and that so I'd maintain extra-firm contact with her erect, throbbing love button. She had a hard, hot little clit that I could easily feel around for, and she was determined to have me rub it off as well as she'd rubbed me off.

"Harder," she breathed into my ear. "That's it. Harder. Yes! I'm cumming right in my panties, right here, right now!"

She was still shaking when I heard a noise and hastily yanked my hand out of my mother's clothes. We were just standing there talking, a perfectly normal mother and daughter, when the bride's dad came strolling drunkenly by. "Hell of a thing," he said. "Hell of a thing. My baby girl all grown up and married off."

"Uh, yes," Mom said in a polite voice. But I had a funny feeling that her thoughts were a million miles away from my brother's wedding. My brother's father-in-law went staggering on off, and Mom and I turned and looked at each other.

"No one can ever know about this,"

she said. "Especially not your father."

"Don't worry, Mom," I assured her. "It will be our secret."

And that's where I got the idea to seduce every female member of the family!

Joan
Illinois

THIS ISN'T PROPER

Uncle Ernest had turned into a real stuffed shirt. My dad's baby brother was cool when we were kids, but in recent years, he'd gotten involved in an Internet start-up and now he thought he was it with a capital "I" and a capital "T." As for the rest of the family, well, he just acted as if we were beyond the pale. Scum. Lowlife. Trailer trash!

Uncle Ernie needed to be taken down a peg or two, and I knew just the way to do it. Nothing brings a conceited jerk down to reality quite like the nitty-gritty mess of down-and-dirty fucking. I told his kids, Hank and June, that I intended to get his pants down, and they agreed to walk in when I gave the signal. Don't worry about the legalities. I'm 20, Hank is 21, and June's 22. Besides, while I've heard of plenty of laws against doing it with your own dad, I never heard anything against doing it with your dad's brother.

The three of us laid our trap for the one day a week when Uncle Ernie worked out of his home office. He thought Hank and June were at college, and he sure as shit didn't know that Hank had given me a key. The first thing he knew, I'd strolled casually in between him and his computer monitor to show off what I looked like com-

"As my uncle and I fucked with me on top, he had no idea that his grown son and daughter were watching from his bedroom closet."

pletely topless. And bottomless. I thought Uncle Ernie's hazel eyes were going to bug right out of his head. I do tend to have that kind of impact on men, since I'm a blonde with titties nearly 40 inches around!

"Bette, please," he stammered. "You're my niece, and you should get some clothes on. This isn't proper."

"Ah, come on, Uncle Ernie. According to you, nothing's proper any more. You act like you're the fucking crown jewels instead of just white trash on the make like the rest of the family."

"White trash on the make! I never!" He's developed an amusing tendency to sputter when he's upset.

I laughed and buzzed my reddish-golden pussy hair against the front of his pants. "Sure. Do you think I'd get naked for just any uncle? I'm doing it for the money." (I wasn't, of course, but I knew it would make him crazy if he thought I'd gone gold-digger.)

"What money?"

"The money you're going to give me when I use my pussy to milk your balls dry."

Poor Uncle Ernie. No matter how prim and proper he tried to be, he couldn't ignore that kind of invitation. I pried him away from the computer easily enough and got him out of his clothes. He tried to get on top of me, but I rolled him over on his back because I wanted him to be looking up into his kids' eyes when they walked in on us.

So, Uncle Ernie was spread on his back, and I threw a leg over his groin. He made a little moaning sound, then I sat down hard on all seven inches of what he had to offer. I happen to have a hypersensitive G-spot, so the woman-on-top position was hitting me where it counted from the very beginning. When Hank and June jumped out of the closet and yelled, "Surprise," I just kept on riding high. Uncle Ernie jerked and struggled, then surrendered. Right in front of his cheering children, he shot his load into my cunt!

The two of us shuddered together for a long time. Uncle Ernie whimpered from time to time, but he couldn't stop himself from revealing how much he'd enjoyed the filthy experience.

"Hmm, Daddy, what would they say at the country club?" asked June with a snicker.

"Yeah, Dad, and you complained about my girlfriend. At least she isn't my own niece!" Hank crowed.

Uncle Ernie closed his eyes. For a minute, I thought he was about to weep with shame. Then he suddenly burst out laughing. "Ah, hell," he said. "Thanks, guys. I just about forgot what fun was all about."

You know, my uncle is a pretty cool guy. And he isn't half-bad in the sack, either, especially when he hopes some other family member is about to walk in on him!

Bette
Delaware



KINKY FAMILIES

Close relations share their favorite fetishes!

DOMINATING DADDY

My father took small, careful steps as he walked through the airport metal detector. The butt plug I'd forced him to wear was made out of plastic and wouldn't set off the detector, but it made him walk funny and feel terribly self-conscious. He couldn't forget that it was there.

As his bag came off the conveyor belt, one of the guards reached for it. "Sir, I'm going to have to check that bag," he said.

Julie, my sister, and I swallowed our giggles as best we could. We'd ordered Daddy to pack the carry-on luggage himself, so we knew exactly what the guard would find. "There's a solid object in here that blocks the X-rays," the guard was saying, then "Oh!" He held up the object in question, a vibrator approximately the size of a jumbo jet itself, one of those enormous so-called massage units so powerful that they have to be managed with both hands. Julie and I did burst out laughing then. Daddy squirmed while the

guard hastily stuffed the offending object back in his bag and thrust it toward him.

The two of us have been dominating Daddy for about three years. Ever since we learned that he's turned on by public humiliation, we've played these little tricks on him. As the three of us walked toward our boarding gate, Julie nudged me in the side. I'd already noticed, though. Daddy had sprung a boner almost as big as the vibrator. His pants bulged like a frat boy's in front. "Control yourself, Daddy!" I hissed into his ear. Of course, that just made him squirm even more. In fact, his entire body jerked, and a visible stain of precum began to spread across the front of his pants.

Daddy sat between us on the airplane. Julie and I spread one of those thin blankets over our laps. We weren't about to let Daddy cum, but we didn't mind making him suffer. From time to time, Julie's fingers would creep to his zipper, opening it just enough so that she could get her hand in to stroke him. At other times, I'd do the honors.

Storemap



Our father whimpered as I ordered him to strip and get on his stomach. My sister and I worked quickly to bind him hand and foot to the bed's four posts.

Daddy was already uncomfortable enough just from being in coach and having a plastic butt plug up his ass, so you can imagine how he felt being tormented into a semi-permanent hard-on. His face got all red, and a big vein began to pulsate in his temple. Of course, I could feel something even bigger throbbing every time I squeezed his crotch.

It's amazing how much you can torture a male slave on a busy jet, if you just put your imagination to work.

When we reached our destination, we made Daddy struggle with all the bags while we hailed a cab. Both of us were wet and ready by this point, probably too ready. I winked at Julie, and she nodded. It wouldn't do to jump on Daddy's dick too desperately. He had to suffer a little longer—but that didn't mean we had to. When we were checked into our room, I opened one of the bags and took out a coil of nautical rope. Daddy whimpered pitifully as I ordered him to strip and get on his stomach in the spread-eagle position. Julie and I worked quickly to bind him hand and foot to the bed's four posts. He knew it wasn't a good sign when he was tied facedown.

"Please, girls, I need it so bad!" he whined. "Please, I've got to get off or I'll fucking explode."

The room had two queen beds instead of one king-size bed. Julie and I, pretending not to hear, scrambled

onto the other bed. While our father begged and pleaded to have the butt plug taken out of his asshole and his dick put into a pussy, we two sisters merrily began to sixty-nine right in front of him. Nothing torments Daddy quite as much as watching the two of us get gratified without any help from him.

"Please!" he whimpered.

I flicked my tongue against Julie's pink clitty. She did the same for me. After humiliating Daddy at the airport and teasing him to insanity on the plane, we didn't need much more in the way of foreplay. I began to cum almost instantly, and Julie's pussy responded with an immediate convulsive jerk. The two of us came hot and wet against each other's lips while Daddy continued to weep.

Finally, acting as if I'd just noticed the naked slave tied to the other bed, I went over and slapped his hairy ass cheeks. He'd been wiggling around in a manner that he obviously hoped would cause the butt plug to slip out of his rectum. I smacked it back down all the way inside, taking care to twist it around so that he'd really feel it. That was all it took. Daddy jerked spasmodically, and the seaside scent of freshly spilled spunk rose into the air. He hadn't been able to hold out, and he'd cum all over the damn bedsheets.

"He must be punished," Julie said,

and I nodded. Each of us took a belt out of the suitcase and wrapped it around our fists. I stood on one side of the bed and my sister stood on the other, so that we could whip his ass with our belts from both sides at once. Daddy didn't know where to twist and turn, and our expert knots wouldn't let him move too much, anyway. It wasn't long before his hairy ass was crisscrossed in a fascinating pattern of bright red stripes.

I was horny again, and I knew that Julie would be feeling the same way. Torturing and tormenting Daddy is a sure-fire turn-on. We dropped the belts and Julie climbed up on the bed, shoving her hot, sticky pussy rudely against his face. Daddy started licking it right away. As for me, I scrambled on his blistered backside and began to rub myself hard against his hot, throbbing cheeks. I'm a petite girl, but the weight and urgency of my body was enough to make him feel each whip mark all over again. He kept moaning and whimpering as he sucked Julie faster and faster. I came fast but I held on tight so I wouldn't fall off his butt. It wasn't long before I'd given myself a full-fledged multiple orgasm.

Eventually, Julie and I decided that he'd been tormented enough. I pulled out the butt plug, and she untied the ropes. We allowed Daddy to roll over on his back, so that he could reveal the not-too-unexpected return of his raging erection. She'd had him last time, so it was my turn. With a grin that must have split my face from ear to ear, I climbed on top of my personal slave and lowered my pussy neatly over his rock-hard prick.

"Oh, my God!" Daddy cried. If we hadn't made him cum on the sheets, he could have never held out. As it was, I barely got three orgasms before he was cumming.

Vicky
California

WE CAN'T HOLD IT

A road trip with my parents is a good working definition of hell. Our father drives like he's the leader in the Indy 500, except that he's forgotten the part about the pit stops. The only break we usually get is when some state trooper pulls him over for a ticket. I should have known by now not to drink coffee at breakfast when going anywhere with my parents, but I just didn't stop to think about it. Now we were in the middle of nowhere, and I had to piss so bad that my bladder was blown up like a fucking balloon. I'm 22, and my sister Paula is 24. I looked at her, and I could tell that she was in just as much agony as I was. "We've got to find a ladies' room or a rest stop or something," I said. "Come on, Dad, Florida will still be there if we get there ten minutes later."

"You can hold it," he said. That's what he always says. Does he still think we're little kids or something, with no idea of our own capacity?

"No, Dad, we can't hold it." Paula turned pink as she spoke up. "In fact, if you don't stop right now, I'm going to piss all over the back seat."

Dad chuckled like it was some kind of joke. That did it. I just exploded. I pissed right in my panties. I guess the smell and sound of it released Paula's

inhibitions, because she suddenly started doing exactly the same thing. Mom turned around, her amber eyes going a little buggy as she stared at the twin stains spreading across the back seat.

"Jack, pull over," she said. "Right fucking now."

We'd never heard Mom use the "F" word before. But I guess she'd never seen us piss on the back seat before, either. What we didn't realize was that we'd accidentally tapped into one of our mother's most forbidden fantasies. Dad had barely pulled over before she was out of the car and dragging us out of the back seat. It wasn't like she was going to punish us. It was more like she wanted to rip off our wet clothes.

"Janet, what the hell do you think you're doing?" Dad asked.

"They can't wear those wet things. They have to dry off," Mom replied. But how the hell did she expect us to dry off when she was on her knees in front of me, sticking her tongue in my pissy crotch? Before Paula could feel left out, Mom's right hand grabbed my sister's hip and pulled her so that she was standing right next to me. In that way, she could move her head from pussy to pussy, licking and sucking and smacking her lips every step of the way.

"This is...obscene," Dad stammered. "And probably highly illegal. And we're right on the side of the road!"

Mom was too busy licking to reply. I emitted a pathetic little moan that turned into a high-pitched screech as I came all over my mother's face. I'd barely stopped shaking before she'd

moved her tongue over to Paula's clitty. My older sister squirmed but didn't really try to get away. "Fuck, Mom," she squealed. Then she was cumming.

Dad just stood there, utterly flabbergasted. "Well, this scene is definitely not going on the family vacation video," he finally stammered.

Mom looked up and laughed. "You know what, Jack? I have to piss, too. I've had to piss for miles and miles. I'm going to piss like the fucking flood. And you're going to kneel down and drink it up."

He stared at her as she pulled off her shorts and underpants, leaving her sleek figure naked from belly button to sandals. I was quivering inside from my first-ever lesbian experience, and I think Paula was feeling pretty good herself. Besides, we'd already gotten this nasty. Why not go all the way? With a nod at my sister, we worked together to tackle Dad and make him kneel in front of Mom. He didn't offer any genuine resistance. In fact, as she pressed her pissy pussy against his face, he opened his mouth just about as wide as it could go.

She pissed and pissed and pissed, just as she'd threatened. Hearing and watching Mom piss into Dad's mouth got me a little agitated again. "I think I can piss some more," I said to Paula, and she grinned as she dropped to her own knees.

"Let's see what it tastes like," she said with a laugh.

About a cup or so of fresh golden liquid splashed out of me. My sister swished it over her taste buds and then swallowed. Before I could catch my breath, she was eating out my

“It was my turn for a taste, so I elbowed my sister and my mother out of the way. They fingered each other idly as they watched me drink down Dad's pee.”

pussy like a born-to-eat-pussy lesbian. I came fast, but not as fast as Mom, who was shuddering and groaning helplessly against Dad's sticky face.

There was a moment of silence as we realized what we'd done. There's no way that this could be described as part of a normal family vacation!

"You girls can't tell anyone about this," Dad said. "Never. Do you understand?"

"Sure, Dad," Paula and I chimed in. "We understand. But haven't you forgotten something?"

"What?" he groaned.

"Don't you have to piss, too?"

He unzipped his fly then and there. It was my turn for a taste, so I elbowed my sister and my mother out of the way. They fingered each other idly as they watched me drink down Dad's pee and give him a fast, furious blow job that left sperm all over the back of my throat.

We didn't make very good time on that trip at all, and there's still a faint piss-smell in the car. Now, every time Mom goes anywhere in that car, she says that she gets super turned-on because of her piss fetish. To tell you the truth, Paula and I feel exactly the same way.

StoreMap

Donna
Kentucky

"SHE" SUCKS DILDOS

The day I learned about my cousin Eddie's cross-dressing hobby was the day that "Edie" became my personal sex toy. He isn't gay, not even a little bit. He just can't resist the silky caress of a pair of black lace underpants or the stiletto heel of an expensive leather pump. I love to get him all dressed up like a woman and treat him like an over-sexed lesbian. On the afternoon that I'm going to tell you about, "Edie" was wearing a strawberry blonde wild-woman's wig, some expensive Bobbi Brown makeup, a cute little retro print dress filled out nicely by "her" padded wonder-bra, and nude-colored pantyhose that revealed the painted pink toes in "her" strappy summer sandals.

"She" looked deliciously fuckable, in other words. Since I'm a real woman, I don't need padded bras or high-heeled shoes. I wore nothing except a faint hint of musky cologne. Sitting on the edge of the sofa, I deliberately spread my legs wide apart to show off my 22-year-old pussy in all its creaming, quivering glory. "See something you like, lesbian slut?" I asked "her."

"Edie" dropped to her knees, panting like an overheated puppy. "Her" head thrust impatiently between my thighs. "Her" tongue began to perform some of the tricks that I'd taught "her" over the past few months. My dear, darling cousin just happened to be wearing a

“As my brother slipped his hard-on into my pussy, my cousin raised "her" skirt and slip. Walking right up to my face, "she" began to wiggle her pantyhose down expose "her" dick.”

too-tight pair of pink lace stretch underpants over "her" throbbing hard-on, so "she" was motivated to give the tongue job of her life. As I grew more excited, I clamped my legs around "her" bouncing, bobbing head. That magical tongue seemed to squirm deeper and deeper.

I was on the brink of orgasm when the doorbell rang, and I decided to ignore it. I didn't know that anyone had a key to my place other than "Edie." I had no idea that "Edie" had decided to invite over my older brother, Jerrod. Therefore, all I got out of the sound of the doorbell was a kinky thrill. Whoever was out there would never, ever guess what I was doing right this minute—or with whom. Even as I squirmed smugly against "Edie's" red lipstick-coated lips, the door came open and Jerrod strode in.

He took in the scene at a glance. "Edie" must have dropped some hints to prepare him, because he didn't look particularly shocked. "I didn't know my sister was reduced to going with lesbians," he said. "Come here, Kit. I'll give you the real thing."

He lifted me away from "Edie," and neither my cousin nor I did a damn thing to fight it. I realized almost immediately that the thought of getting screwed in front of my cross-dressed cousin was a real turn-on.

"Edie" sat on the sofa, "her" nylons whispering as "she" crossed "her" legs. Meanwhile, I was tearing off Jerrod's

jeans like there was no tomorrow. "Edie" squirmed I tumbled onto all fours and boldly invited my brother to fuck me from behind. As he slipped his mammoth hard-on into my pussy, "Edie" suddenly stood up and raised her skirt and slip. Walking right up to me, "she" began to wiggle her pantyhose and too-tight stretch lace pants down to mid-thigh to expose "her" dick. I snatched it and began to suck.

"She sucks dildos?" my brother asked my cousin. I'll say one thing for Jerrod. He was a good sport and knew how to play the fantasy.

"She's a slut. She'll fuck and suck even a finger for hours if that's all I give her," "Edie" confirmed.

Meanwhile, I was being jostled between the two of them, with "Edie's" hot cock down my throat and Jerrod's incredible prick in my pussy. Words can't describe how excited I was. "Edie's" silk skirt and slip tumbled down, trapping my head close to "her" incredible "dildo." The smell, the taste, the feel...it was all so overwhelming. I think I may have blacked out for a minute when I started to cum. But it wasn't for long, because I was keenly aware when both of them starting cumming at the same moment. As my cunt and my mouth filled with jizz, I began to wonder which other family members might be interested in joining our private games.

Kit
Louisiana

HE SCREAMS BEAUTIFULLY

I hung upside-down from one leg, from an exposed ceiling beam in the former warehouse. The cuff padlocked around my right ankle was heavily padded with sheepskin so that it wouldn't cut off my circulation. The chain was stout four-inch blue steel. My arms were unfettered, but I was hanging high enough that my fingernails barely grazed the concrete floor. My dick, as always in these situations, was pointed straight out, with a thin layer of precum oozing from the head. We didn't have to worry about anyone else wandering into the warehouse. It belonged to my Aunt Nona's husband, so she knew that it hadn't been in use for years. Over time, under the prodding of my aunt's whip hand, I had transformed the abandoned warehouse into the world's largest private dungeon. From where I dangled, swinging in slow circles, I could see a fascinating selection of expensive pseudo-medieval and faux Victorian punishment devices. Old-fashioned wooden wardrobes held an assortment of whips, costumes and smaller implements of sexual pleasure/pain.

I wondered, as I swung, why Aunt Nona hadn't started abusing me yet. She usually couldn't wait to get out the whip. Today, however, she slowly undressed and then put on a formfitting black latex jumpsuit with holes cut out for her pussy and tits. She opened a wardrobe of fetish shoes and considered for a minute, then selected a pair of lace-up ankle boots. The three-inch heels clicked dramatically on the cement floor as she

walked over to where I dangled upside-down.

"You've done wonders with this place," she said in a soft, dangerous purr that always meant trouble. "It's a shame to keep it secret. Others should be able to admire your hard work."

"Aunt Nona, you promised!" I sputtered.

"I promised to make all the sexual decisions in your life. As a slave, you needed me to give you direction and instruction. Remember?"

I whimpered. She slapped at my cock with her bare hand.

"Yes, Mistress. I remember!"

"Well, I've decided to—" She didn't have to complete the sentence. There was a loud knock at one of the warehouse doors. She hit the garage door opener that automatically opened one of the big drive-in doors. Three people came striding into the warehouse, all of them exclaiming and laughing. Oh, God. It couldn't be. I'd already half-expected Aunt Nona's daughter, Linda, from all the hints. And my sister, Susan, wasn't really a surprise. But my own mother?

As the door automatically went back down, Mom accepted the four-foot long braided riding crop that her older sister put in her hand. She was flushed, but she didn't hesitate. Snarling, she began to slash at my bare, helpless butt cheeks with the whip. The strokes made me turn in tight circles. I tried to kick out with my free leg, which was a big mistake because it made me jerk on the chain, putting more tension on my bound leg. It also caused Mom to miss so that she spanked the sole of my foot. Ouch!

"He screams beautifully, doesn't he?" Aunt Nona said.

Susan and Linda seemed torn between my dangling, punished body and the wardrobe full of clothes. It didn't take them long to remove their street clothing and don appropriate costumes. Linda put on a pair of red lace underpants, the crotchless kind. Susan tried a black leather lace-up waist cincher that sucked in her stomach and made her naked ass and tits stick out for miles.

I was at the non-existent mercy of four dominant women, and I didn't know when I'd been more excited. My sister pulled out a padded futon and dragged it under my swinging body. Linda got up on a step stool and borrowed a key from Aunt Nona so that she could unlock my cuff. I tumbled down to the futon and moaned for a minute, stinging all over from the pins-and-needles sensation that came from being held upside-down like that for over half an hour. My ass was burning where it rubbed against the mattress.

"Show us how to use him, Aunt Nona," Susan said. "Oh, God, I don't know where to start!"

"Well, we've got a lot of toys, but how about the whipping bench?"

Mom, an evil gleam in her eyes and the whip still in her hand, spanked me in the right direction. The two younger girls set on me in a flash. Almost

before I knew what hit me, I was strapped into the bent-over position, with my ignored hard-on poking against the soft, padded leather. My buns were already sore enough, but my sister and my cousin had to take their turn with the whip. Then Aunt Nona, as I'd hoped and dreaded she would, undressed my mother and helped her into a black leather dildo harness.

"I just love to fuck him up the ass," she confided to Mom. "Bound and buckled like that, he can't do a damn thing about it."

My sphincter puckered up tight, but it did about as much good as always—absolutely none. Mom greased her eight-inch dildo like a pro and shoved it assertively between my cheeks. I was keenly aware that my sister and cousin were watching every step.

I groaned a little, but Mom just laughed. "I want to hear real screaming before I'm finished with you," she said, twisting her hips to make the dildo spin around inside my rectum.

She got her wish. The two younger girls were so excited that they had to finger each other while they watched the show. Aunt Nona was only marginally more in control. All at once, she hurried over to the edge of the bench where my head was hanging off, and she shoved her wet pussy against my face. I started sucking

My aunt helped my mother into a black leather dildo harness. "I just love to fuck him up the ass," she said to Mom. "Bound and buckled like that, he can't do a damn thing about it."

immediately. It didn't take long to get her sweet juices flowing. It was a good thing, too, because Mom suddenly climaxed. She hadn't had any trouble picking up the trick of rubbing her clit against the dildo harness strap and my burning ass cheeks while fucking me.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to taking me from device to device and using and abusing me in any fashion that four kinky female minds could think of. Thankfully, the younger girls were especially highly sexed, and they didn't make me wait much longer before begging to sit on my dick. As Linda, then Susan, fucked me hard enough to make me see stars, I secretly gave thanks to all the gods of fuck that Aunt Nona had spilled my deep, dark secret. The only thing better than being the helpless submissive slave of one horny bitch is being the helpless submissive slave of four of them!

Cliff
New Jersey

I'VE BEEN BAD, TOO

A tenured professorship just isn't what it used to be. Hell, the entire reason I became an academic was so that I could have access to adoring young coeds in search of a well-rounded education. But, over the last decade, it has become more and more difficult to indulge my fantasies without becoming embroiled in scandal. The last straw came when the chancellor warned me that I would be terminated if he heard any more rumors about what he termed "sorority spanking games."

"I can't be terminated," I protested. "I have tenure."

"Tenure contracts were made to be broken," was his reply.

But life without coeds' red asses was hardly any life at all. I felt myself becoming more and more depressed as I considered a future utterly devoid of twinkling white "cottontails" squirming over my knee. My wife didn't seem to notice that the sparkle had gone out of my existence, but my daughter Cindy certainly did. She's a freshman at the college where I teach, and I probably should have realized that she'd heard the same rumors that the chancellor heard. One afternoon, when her mother was still at work, I came home to find Cindy waiting for me wearing nothing except a pink satin half-slip and bra, which showed off her 19-year-old figure to perfection.

"Hi, Dad," she said with a smile. "I've heard that you've been very bad. I've heard that you participated in a sorority initiation as the official wielder of the paddle and that several of the trembling new sorority girls sucked the juice out of your dick in gratitude."

I felt my face go red.

"But it's okay, Dad. I've been very bad too. I should probably be punished." She gestured at the coffee table, where I now noticed the black leather paddle. I picked it up and turned it over in my hands.

"How have you been bad?" I asked in a hoarse voice.

"I sucked Ricky's cock the other night, even though it was our first date. And I came home and played with my pussy afterwards." Cindy giggled.

She wasn't in the least bit ashamed, although she surely knew how she was exciting her father. The front of my crisp gray slacks was bulging and squirming like a bag full of tomcats. I knew what she wanted. It was obvious. And I wanted it, too.

I found myself sitting beside her on the sofa, the paddle in my hand as I guided her across my knees. Cindy shuddered attractively as I yanked up the hem of her satin half-slip to reveal that she wasn't wearing underpants. Her shapely ass cheeks would have been the envy of anything in the rich girls' sorority. The right cheek had just the hint of a dimple. My mouth watered helplessly.

"Do it," she whispered. "I've been so bad. I stuck my finger in my hole and I wiggled it all around."

The nasty image of my daughter doing such a thing was just too much for me. I snapped. I raised the paddle high and brought it down hard. In my games with various coeds, I had prided myself on knowing instinctively how much sexual pain and humiliation my various playmates required. Some girls liked only a hint, while others wouldn't be satisfied with anything less than a really hard spanking. With Cindy, my own daughter, I held nothing back. I swatted her shapely butt cheeks again and again, causing them to jerk and wobble under each expert stroke. The ivory skin turned a lovely shade of strawberry pink, then a fiercer shade of tomato red.

"Don't stop, Dad, don't stop," she begged. "I know you can make me cum like that. Please, Dad."

I continued to whack her ass like a

wild man, and Cindy shook and wiggled in a most delightfully lewd manner. She screamed and jerked with every swat, but they were screams of ecstasy rather than agony. Hot, sticky fluid flowed from her pussy to stain the front of my pants, and I soon noticed that she was deliberately rubbing her clitoris against my cockbulge with every stroke. Finally, when I gave her the hardest, hottest whack of all, she climaxed helplessly all over my pants.

"Oh, Dad, I'm on fire! I'm on fucking fire!" she moaned as she tumbled off my knees and down to the floor.

Rolling over on her back, her half-slip now no more than a tangle of satin around her waist, she spread her legs wide. How could I resist? I don't remember dropping the paddle or unzipping my fly, but suddenly I was on top of her. Inside her. Making her cum with my prick instead of my paddle.

"Harder, Dad!" she squealed. "Harder, harder, harder!" Her ass cheeks had to sting where they were digging into the carpet, but my uncontrollable daughter didn't seem to care. "Jab it from side to side, Dad. Oh, God, that's good. Too fucking good!"

She came explosively. I like to think I have had some experience of young women's orgasms, but Cindy's climax nearly knocked me into the next room. I held on for dear life, my dick still throbbing as she underwent a series of convulsions that squeezed me like I'd never been squeezed before. I tried to exercise what willpower I had left, but it was impossible. At a shudder from my

"Don't stop, Daddy, don't stop," my daughter begged as I spanked her bare ass. "I know you can make me cum like that."

daughter, I was suddenly gushing like a broken fire hydrant.

"Oh, my goodness, Dad." Cindy's voice seemed small and very far away. Then she began to giggle girlishly. "I've been very, very, bad. I believe you will have to punish me again."

"I'm too exhausted," I admitted, a confession I'd never had to make to any snit of a sorority girl.

"Well, then, you'll just to do it tomorrow."

Darren
Kansas

FUCK US, FIRST

I licked the alligator toes of Mother's brand new pumps. They had a faint leather-like new-shoe smell, but I knew that she'd already worn them once or twice, so I was prepared for the hint of female taste that came when I slipped my tongue inside. I was 24, a mature man who'd had a variety of sexual experiences with a number of accomplished partners, yet I found nothing in life quite as stimulating as the taste of my own mother's shoes. Mother was working today, so I knew that I'd be alone to enjoy my kinky pleasure for at least the next three hours.

It was time to remove the only item of clothing I still wore, a pair of boxer shorts with little golf clubs printed all over. I stepped out of the restraining cotton and allowed my eight-inch prick

to spring free. Yes, that felt much better. Settling back down on the closet floor, I returned to the sniffing and licking of Mother's new shoes. My left hand drifted to my dick to squeeze and rub. I was concentrating so hard on these marvelous sensations that I didn't hear anyone enter the house—or the bedroom.

"So, that's what you've been doing in your spare time," Mother said, her voice crisp and cool. "Jerking off with my shoes."

I jumped about fifty feet. The closet door was open but Mother was standing in it, so there was really nowhere to hide.

"I told you that boy's abnormal. I've been telling you that for years." Oh, Lord. It was the voice of my insufferable cousin, Paige. Ever since she made cheerleader at her college, she's been impossible, even though her cheerleading days have been over for at least three years. "Once I caught him chewing on my tennis shoes."

I flushed, recalling the regrettable incident. At that time, I hadn't yet realized that Mother's shoes were more expensive and, ultimately, more satisfying. "You didn't tell me what a big dick my son had," Mother commented.

"He wasn't naked when he was chewing on my tennies, so I didn't know." Paige peered down for a better look. She's near-sighted but too vain to wear glasses. "Oh, my good gawd!" she shrieked. "He is huge. Aunt Lisa, do you know what we should do with him?"

Mom nodded. "I know."

But I didn't. "Please," I said. "I've already looked into treatment, and there's no cure for a shoe fetish."

"Who said anything about curing you?" The two women were on me in a flash. I let them drag me out of the closet, where Paige continued to blink at and exclaim over my erection. There was no way for me to go limp, because Mother was wearing her most exquisite pair of navy pumps with the deep toe cleavage and the three-inch heels. Paige's summer sandals were a peculiar shade of lime green, but they had genuine ankle straps. I flipped on my belly and began slobbering over the women's feet. They kicked me rather rudely until I flipped back onto my butt.

"Do you want to eat my shoes?" Mother asked.

"And mine?" Cousin Paige demanded.

I nodded mutely.

"Then you'll damn well fuck us first."

With those words, Mother began to undress. Paige did the same. Mother's figure was exquisite, and she had sense enough to put her shoes back on once she'd stripped off her pantyhose. Again, Paige followed her lead, so that I had two naked women towering over me, one in a pair of navy pumps, one in a pair of strappy sandals. It was seventh heaven.

Shamelessly, Mother sat on my dick and began to hump her pussy up and down with the sexual frankness that a man tends to associate with every older

woman except his own mother. Paige was left to squat over my face. I put my tongue and my cock to stud duty, working them high and hard to bring the women to climax as fast as possible. Mother's neglected pussy was astonishingly tight for a woman her age, and it almost squeezed me off. Almost. I had already vowed not to allow myself to cum until I could do it in her navy pumps.

After a time, Paige and Mother switched places, and I found myself licking my own mother's cunt while fucking my cousin. "How can he last so long?" Paige asked at one point, and Mother shrugged.

"It's the fetish, I suppose. Maybe he can't get off until he's sucking somebody's shoes."

"That's damn wonderful," Paige said and smiled. "Have you ever had more than a dozen orgasms in a session before?"

"No, but it's an experience I can quickly get used to."

Afterwards, they were limp and shaking, with a strong sweaty smell coming from their feet that was pure ambrosia. As a reward for my efforts, each woman stuffed the toe of her right shoe into my mouth at the same time. One taste, and I was shooting so high that I splashed the ceiling.

"He's definitely disturbed," Mother said.

"I like him that way," Paige said.

Calvin
Montana

After a time, the two women switched places, and I found myself licking my own mother's cunt while fucking my cousin.



LESBIAN RELATIONS

Related young ladies go cunt-to-cunt—and sometimes, a family cock will join in!

LET'S GET NAKED

"Don't tell me you have nudity hang-ups, Joan," my cousin Alice said, stepping out of her panties.

I had turned away from her when she started to undress in the bedroom we shared. When I saw her take off her top and reveal her small, perfect breasts, I felt a sharp pang of lust in my cunt and I couldn't tell her that.

So, I mumbled something or other, then forced myself to turn around. Her cunt was now visible, and worse, she'd had a bikini trim. Not only could I see the strip of brown hair over her pussy mound, I could see her lips and slit as well. My cunt moistened, and I hoped she didn't notice that my fingers were trembling as I pulled off my T-shirt.

Unlike my cousin's breasts, mine are large and round. "See? No hang-up," I said as cheerily as I could. She smiled slyly, then turned to face her mirror. She was standing sideways to me now, and she casually lifted a leg and held her ankle. I couldn't help inhaling sharply as her pussy lips

spread, giving me a tantalizing glimpse of pink.

I was sure she had no idea I was into girls, and I wasn't ready to announce my preference to the entire family. Most of them were there, her parents, my aunt and uncle included, and I didn't dare make a move.

I didn't have to.

"See anything that makes you hungry?" Alice purred, slowly lowering her leg. Yes, I had, and I was too amazed by her boldness to say a word. "I could tell by the way you look at women when they're not looking in your direction," my cousin continued.

She stepped behind me, and I trembled visibly as she unhooked my bra and slid her hands under the opened straps. She pushed the bra off, covering my breasts and grazing my nipples with her palms. Now inflamed with lust, I spun around, embraced her and thrust my mouth against hers.

Without a moment's hesitation, her tongue slid into my mouth. I sucked hard, closing my hands over her breasts. I was still wearing my skirt,



I gripped my sister's wrist and placed her hand over my breast as I felt her tongue tip push between my cunt lips and into my pussy.

and she slipped a hand under it to press my panty crotch against my pussy slit.

"Let's get you naked," Alice said, half-whispering as she reached behind me and unzipped my skirt.

I let the garment drop to the floor and stepped out of it, all but numb from intense lust. Keeping my gaze fixed on her pert buttocks, I followed her to her bed. She murmured at me to lie down, and even the softness of the mattress felt like an additional turn-on. My cousin didn't have to tell me to spread my legs and raise my knees. That was a familiar position for me, one my lovers usually took me in.

"I got a few peeks at your cunt last night, when you were taking a shower," Alice said. "It looked so delicious from a distance, and now, wow!"

She was lying on her belly, her head between my thighs and her face a few inches from my wet cunt. I started to say something, then I gasped loudly as she gave my pussy slit a hard kiss. My cousin rubbed my cunt lips between her mouth lips, clutching my bare sides. I gripped her wrist and placed her hand over my breast, and my stiff nipple dug into her palm as I felt her tongue tip push between my cunt lips and into my pussy.

I humped at her, squeezing her head between my thighs. My other female lovers had only licked me around the outside and used their fingers to get me off all the way. My cousin kept her hands where they were, one on my breast and the other on my hip, and her

tongue just seemed to go deeper and deeper. Then a powerful surge of lust made me shake and grip the bedsheets. Alice had somehow gotten the tip of her tongue over the area of my G-spot, and I started to cum as hard as if I'd had a dick in me.

Probably, I had several mini-orgasms that felt like one big one. Whatever, I was soaked with sweat and bathed in satisfaction when she withdrew her tongue and lifted her head from between my legs. Remembering her earlier comment, I said, "Now, I'm hungrier than ever, but I don't feel like getting up."

"You don't have to," Alice chuckled. "Frankly, I like being eaten out like this."

Her "this" was squatting over my face, slowly lowering her pussy lips to my tongue. She was facing toward me so we couldn't sixty-nine, but I was able to reach around her and grasp her ass cheeks as I thrust my tongue into her cunt. I was trying to do to her what she had done, but my tongue just wasn't long enough. I took my time about exploring her cunt with my tongue, running the tip over all the little wrinkles of her pussy flesh, then I slipped a hand away from her ass and worked it between her thighs.

Alice shifted a bit, causing the hand I still had on her ass to slip down into her crack. I slipped two fingers into her cunt and circled my tongue tip around her sheathed clitoris. At the same time, I managed to push a fingertip into her anus.

Had we not been alone in the house, I'm sure that the older generation would have rushed in on us—Alice cried out that loudly. Moaning she'd had enough, she jerked herself up and freed pussy and asshole from my tongue and finger, then she tumbled over and stretched out on the bed.

As I savored the taste of her cum, she lifted herself off the bed and stepped over to the phone. "I'm going to call Henrietta and see if she wants to come over," Alice said.

"Our oh-so-proper cousin?" I asked, surprised. "Isn't that going to spoil the fun?"

"Maybe I know something about her you don't," my cousin grinned as she tapped out the number.

About half an hour later, my proper cousin Henrietta was lying naked on our bed between us. I had one of her fat nipples in my mouth, Alice had her other in her mouth, and we both had our hands on Henrietta's pussy mound.

Amazed as I was that my "straightest" cousin had a taste for pussy, I was even more confounded by how good she was at it.

"I had good training," Henrietta explained when I asked. "Mom taught me."

Joan
Michigan

LET'S GET HIM HARD

I knew my sister was up to something when she stepped into the shower with me and grabbed my prick. I opened my mouth in surprise, and instantly her tongue was in it.

Also, her stiff nipples were pressing

against my chest. She was naked, and I resisted for about a second before I threw my arms around her and groped down her back to clutch her pert, round ass cheeks. I managed to break our kiss long enough to ask, "Bonnie, what is wrong with you today?"

"I'm horny and I want to fuck," she said smartly, letting go of my prick, which was getting damn hard.

"Now? All of a sudden?" I asked, flabbergasted. "I mean, right here, and—"

"And I never let you go all the way with me before, Bill, and I now I want to." She flicked the tip of a forefinger over my dickhead, and my cock sprang up to full erection. "Come on, let's go to my room. I have rubbers, so we're all set."

Giving my hard cock a squeeze, she tossed a towel around herself and darted out of the bathroom. Now so fucked-up horny I couldn't think straight, I grabbed a towel and frantically rubbed myself down as I trotted after her. When I reached her bedroom, she was lying on her bed with her legs spread, and she tossed a condom packet at me as I stepped in.

"Don't forget to close the door," she chirped, grinning slyly.

Part of me was more sure than ever that she was up to something, but the rest of me was too horny to worry about that. I got on my knees on the bed, staring at her pink-red pussy slit and feeling my cock throb. "Don't you want me to eat you out, first?" I asked.

"No, I just want you to put your cock in my pussy—but not like this." She sat up and stepped off the bed. "Now, you lie down across the bed." I started to stretch out full on my back. "No,

My older sister watched as I fucked my younger sister, and after I shot my load, they got me hard again by eating each other out.

dummy. The way I said. So what if your feet are on the floor? Your ass will still be on the bed. I want to be on top."

As she mentioned, I'd been dying to actually pussy fuck her for months, ever since we started mutual jerking off and oral stuff. It was about to happen, so I couldn't have cared less which position we did it in.

Also, I didn't really care that she straddled my waist facing away from me. She told me to keep still, reached down and gingerly slipped the condom over my prick, then tucked my prickhead between her pussy lips. I expected to feel my cock being sheathed by warm, wet pussy flesh, but instead, she held me there, the tip of my dickhead just barely in her slit.

I started to complain. She told me to let her do everything, that was our deal, even though I didn't recall our making any deals, so I just lay there and gazed at her ass cheeks while she stroked my prickhead up and down her slit. Finally, she jerked down, and I moaned as I watched my condom-covered cock disappear up into her pussy.

A shrill gasp erupted from the closet. I jerked my head up in surprise, but Bonnie just pushed down lower. "See? She called out loudly. "Now I have all of it in."

The closet door burst open and my older sister Cissy rushed out. Her eyes were wide with excitement, and she clapped as she crouched to gaze at the junction of my cock and my other sis-

ter's pussy.

"Well, you did it, Bonnie," Cissy laughed. "Have you told him about us, yet?"

"No, that was supposed to be a surprise," Bonnie said, speaking with difficulty and raising herself up to reveal a stretch of my dickshaft. "Listen, I want to make him cum now. We can get him hard, then it will be your turn."

My sister Cissy was another wet dream of mine, and I thought it would only be that. My cock started to throb, and I took a deep breath in an effort to hold back. Cissy stepped up to Bonnie, laid a hand over her pussy mound, and just like that, Bonnie started to cum like crazy. Her pussy muscles were working my prick like a masturbating hand, and there was no way I could keep from shooting off.

I roared as my cum shot into the condom. Bonnie posted up and down, uttering little shrieks of pleasure. When she finally lifted herself off me, clearing my field of vision, I saw that Cissy was already unzipping her dress. Bonnie thoughtfully took the condom off and tossed it away. Struggling through a sea of total satiation, I got myself up and staggered to the bathroom. I pissed, and when I came back, Cissy was down to bra and panties.

The bra came off, revealing that my older sister's tits were practically a larger version of Bonnie's. I felt my cock stir at the sight, and it stirred more as Cissy stepped out of her



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panties to bare her almost-hairless pussy.

Just a little thatch of brown hair...her cunt lips were showing plain as day, and I could see that her slit was already a little wet. "You said it's going to be my turn," she murmured, gently pushing me down to the bed.

"Right, and I also said that we have to do something to get him hard again," Bonnie insisted. "Bill, go sit in that chair, okay?"

I dropped a cushion on a chair facing the bed and watched as my sisters hugged, groping at each other and tongue kissing. Cissy plopped her large ass on the bed and leaned back, spreading her legs. Bonnie knelt, and as she laid her hands on her older sister's naked thighs, I stepped over to get a sideways view of Bonnie's tongue tip making contact with Cissy's slit.

Acting on a sudden horny inspiration, I sat up and reached over to take hold of Cissy's breast. She moaned "Suck" at me, so I leaned over and pressed her boob to my face. As I licked little circles around her nipple, Bonnie was dragging her tongue along Cissy's cunt slit.

Soon, Cissy's cunt juice was all over Bonnie's face. My cock was rock-hard again, and Cissy got on all fours. I got behind her, slapped on a fresh rubber, and groped between the back of her thighs for her pussy. Finding it, I eased in my dickhead. Cissy let out a grunt and thrust back at me, driving my hard-on deeply into her.

"I hate being left out," Bonnie announced. She stretched out in front of Cissy and spread her legs.

Bill
Connecticut

GOOD (CUNT LAPPING) TEACHERS

I lay face-down between my mother and my aunt, my arms spread out on either side of me. We were naked and in Mom's huge bed, and I had two fingers in Aunt Terri's cunt and two in Mom's. Slowly, working like a scientist, I stroked back and forth. I knew how they liked it, and I could feel their pussy insides start to throb.

Of course, I was completely turned on, but at the same time I was concentrating hard. I was trying to accomplish something...my aunt let out a groan, Mom made that sound she always does, and I knew I was close...Mom's pussy started gushing on my hand, then Aunt Terri's, then both women shrieked in chorus and yanked themselves away from my pussy juice-soaked hands.

"You did it," Mom exclaimed.

"Two at once," Aunt Terri chortled. "It looks like we taught you well, Annie."

"Because you are such good teachers," I smiled, turning over and draping my legs over them.

Aunt Terri reached over and laid a hand on my cunt. "We have an excellent pupil...and a delicious one."

She licked her lips, and I kicked up my legs, holding them by my ankles as Aunt Terri crawled around to my side of the bed. Mom slipped off the bed and walked across the room, bending over a dresser drawer. As Aunt Terri bellied down in front of me, I watched Mom's large butt cheeks spread as she bent. They had already gotten me off twice, and I got horny just looking at her butt and the bit of pussy I could see beneath her crack.

Holding the fake dick by the base, Mom slowly positioned it at my aunt's cunt slit. As she reached for Mom's tits, I could see the black head of the dildo slide into my aunt's cunt.

Aunt Terri thrust her tongue against my slit just then, laying her hands over my breasts and taking my nipples between her fingers. She squeezed down as she pushed her tongue through my slit, and I closed my eyes and squealed with ecstasy. My cunt was already starting to shake. She freed a breast and got her hand between my legs, moving her mouth up to the top of my pussy slit. Like the pussy-eating expert she was, she neatly took my clit between her lips as she eased a finger into my cunt.

That was all it took to throw me into another big cum, and I soaked her face as I rocked back and forth on the bed. I opened my eyes again when Aunt Terri took her face from my pussy, and I let out a cry of surprise. Mom was standing in the middle of the room, a huge strap-on dildo sticking out from her crotch.

"Anyone care for some penetration?" she asked, tapping the fake cock and making it bob around in the harness.

"Yes, me," Aunt Terri announced, flipping over on her back and spreading her big thighs.

Sliding to the edge of the bed, I said quickly, "Okay, but I want to suck your 'cock.'" Mom nodded and stepped up to me. I leaned toward her, holding her hips as I opened my mouth wide. My mother nudged herself toward me, and I closed my mouth around the "hard-on" as Mom slid it in.

There was a little attachment on the end attached to Mom that would stimulate her clit while someone was sucking

the fake dick or getting fucked with it. Mom wriggled around, murmuring pleasantly, then she gently withdrew.

"I think your aunt is getting impatient," she chuckled. I glanced at Aunt Terri. She was pointing to her cunt and vigorously shaking her head. "So, I'd better get started."

I love watching dildo fucking, so I sat up cross-legged, one hand on my cunt, as Mom hovered over my aunt. Holding the fake dick by the base, Mom slowly positioned it at Aunt Terri's cunt slit. Aunt Terri thrust forward, reaching for Mom's tits, and I could see the black head of the dildo slide into my aunt's cunt.

After that, I couldn't see much. Mom slumped down over my aunt, the two women Frenching as Mom worked her hips around in a slow circle. Gradually, their movements got more intense, until they were rocking back and forth and shaking the bed. Aunt Terri came first, letting a roar like some animal's at the zoo. Mom let out a roar of her own, and she slowly withdrew the fake cock and slumped over on her side.

I helped her take the harness off. Aunt Terri gazed at me speculatively as I stood there with the leather harness dangling off my hand.

"Gwen, I think she's old enough, now," Aunt Terri commented.

"Terri, you're right," my mother told her sister. Turning to me, she said, "Let me show you how to put the harness on."

Annie
Oklahoma



I HOPE YOU'RE HARD

I didn't give a shit that they were my first cousins, and I wouldn't have given that same shit if they had been my sisters. Beryl and Regina are the two hottest women I've ever met, and even an uptight, prudish-type guy would be turned on by just the way they smiled.

If they were wearing full-length overcoats they'd still look sexy, and seeing them in tiny sundresses was almost too much for me to take. I really did feel like going to the bathroom and jerking off, that first morning after they arrived, when they came downstairs in those outfits.

It's easy for me to remember. Beryl,

larger and more heavysset, wore a sundress held up by strings around her back, which was otherwise bare. Fully half her large boobs showed over the low-cut top, and she was showing plenty of leg. Regina was wearing even less, a halter top that looked a little too small for her tits, and a skirt that didn't go very far down her thighs. I caught a glimpse of panty as she came down.

"The idea is to get away from it all," my father announced as we were all eating breakfast. "That's why there isn't much to do around here except enjoy nature."

I added, "I spend most of my time walking around the woods."

Even though they'd just eaten each other out, my cousins were horny again. My older cousin got on all fours so I could fuck her doggy-style while she licked my younger cousin's cunt.

Regina made a face. "Ooh, doesn't that get boring?"

"Not for a couple of weeks," I answered. "And there's some good swimming, if you're interested."

"So, who the hell would put a swimming pool in the woods?" Beryl asked, frowning.

I explained that there was sort of a lake, a clear natural pool with a small waterfall near some rocks. Both girls immediately got more cheerful, and Regina commented that it wouldn't be so bad, after all.

We went back to our feed, and I felt something nudge my ankle under the table. I looked up at Beryl, who was sitting across from me, and she winked and I felt my cock get hard. Something nudged my other foot from the side, then a soft hand touched down on my thigh, squeezed, and withdrew. I glanced at Regina, to my left, and she turned her face to her pancakes.

After breakfast, we all cleaned up. My cousins disappeared until around noon, when I was setting out on my walk in the woods, and they caught up to me.

"Going for a swim, Matt?" Regina asked, prancing up next to me and making her boobs bounce around in that halter.

"Yeah, we need one. Hot as hell today," Beryl said.

My cock stirred around in my pants at the thought. Just to make sure they

weren't just fucking around, I glanced at them and commented, "You don't seem to be carrying swimsuits, though."

"We won't need them," Beryl said. "Don't you ever skinny-dip?"

The girls weren't as soft as they looked, at least to me. They scaled right down the rocks and were on the smooth, flat floor of stone overlooking the pool before I was halfway down myself. I'd had visions of painfully guiding them down, but I was the one who looked like he needed guiding.

They waved to me and laughed, and started stripping. I had one good look at both naked bodies before they dived into the pool. It suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't asked them if they could swim well, but both my cousins shot across the water like trained athletes.

I dove right in, easily catching up to them. Beryl dived under the water, swiped her hands across my cock and balls, then surfaced and raced away. Regina swam up next to me, and I made a grab for her ass. Giggling, she ducked and swam over to Beryl, who was standing in the shallow end.

The water lapped around her waist and dripped off her tits. Casting a grin at me, Regina stepped up to her sister and casually thrust a hand between her legs. Beryl giggled and shook, clamping her thighs together around Regina's hand.

"Let's get out of the water," Regina suggested, pulling her hand away.

I was pretty close to having a full boner, so I stayed where I was, the water up to my chest. Regina carefully laid their clothes out on the rock, making a sort of blanket, then she stretched out. Beryl squatted over her face, and Regina took hold of her sister's hips as Beryl lowered her pussy to her mouth.

Regina's tongue went up and so did my cock. I had the biggest boner yet as I stood there, watching my cousins perform lesbian sex like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Beryl turned to me and called, "Come on up for a better look. I hope you have a hard-on."

About a second and a half later, I was standing in front of them with my stiff prick sticking out in front of me. I stepped up to Beryl, standing over Regina's tits. Beryl grasped my hips for support and opened her mouth. I slipped in my cock, and I grunted as warm wetness engulfed my stiff dick.

Suddenly, Beryl jerked her head back and let out a shriek. She wriggled her cunt all over Regina's face, then jumped up and staggered to her feet. "That was damned good," Beryl announced. "But we left poor Cousin Matt all high and dry."

"He won't be that way long, not dry, anyway," Regina laughed.

No, not for long. Regina laid down on the clothes-blanket, spreading her legs. Beryl got on all fours in front of her, and I got on my knees behind Beryl.

"Wait till he's in me," Beryl advised as Regina kissed her pussy.

Good idea, because it took me a couple of minutes to open her pussy

and guide my cock between my fingers. I nudged her pussy lips a couple of times, making her shudder, and I ran my cockhead along her slit before tucking it in.

"All right, push," Beryl said anxiously.

I thrust forward with my hips, and my prick slid right into the tight wetness of my cousin's pussy. Beryl dropped her head, pressing her face against Regina's pussy.

There's no way to know who came first. I know I had one hell of a cum, and from the way Beryl and Regina were shrieking, they had some impressive climaxes themselves.

Back at the house, my father asked us what we'd done.

"Pretty much, just enjoying nature," Beryl said nonchalantly.

Tony
Nevada

HOW TO MAKE A GIRL CUM

"I like girls, and I just don't know what to do about it," my sister said, practically in tears. "I mean, I get so horny in the gym...the shower room, I mean, seeing all those tits and pussies. And I don't dare tell anyone!"

"Relax, Cora," I murmured soothingly. "You know I like girls, too, and—"

"And that's why I could tell you, Janie," Cora interrupted. "I mean, I could meet a woman somewhere, but—"

"Didn't you say you couldn't tell anyone?" I teased.

"Well, I mean, I don't know...there are girls like me, but, well, I just don't know what to do."

Running my hands down my sister's naked back, I said, "First, I'll show you how to finger fuck someone else. It's like the way you do yourself. Then I'll show you how to eat pussy."

"Cora, that's your problem," I said. "You're just afraid you can't make another woman cum, right?"

She nodded and looked down at her bare feet. It was late, and we were both in our nightgowns. Caressing the side of my sister's neck, I said, "I can teach you. I love looking at you naked, anyway."

Cora mumbled something. I crouched down, seized the hem of her nightgown and lifted it, telling her to lift her arms. The garment came off, revealing her pointy titties and sparse pussy hair. I put my hands on her waist, and she suddenly slipped a hand between my legs.

"I always wanted to touch your pussy," she said, raising my nightgown. "And I wanted to...."

I silenced her by planting my mouth on hers and thrusting in my tongue. I ran my hands down her naked back and gripped her butt cheeks, and she shuddered and pulled her hand away.

"First, I'll show you how to finger fuck someone else. It's like the way you do yourself."

I took off my nightgown, then my sister and I sat up on the bed, facing each other. Cora leaned back, spreading her legs a little. "You're very tight in there, so just one finger will do," I explained. I pressed a fingertip to her slit, making her writhe around, then I slowly pushed it between her cunt lips. The warm, wet flesh throbbed around

my finger. I turned my wrist, felt a certain spot, then my sister was moaning and cumming all over my hand.

"See?" I said. "That was easy. Now, it's your turn." I leaned back as she had and spread. Cora peered at my pussy slit and very cautiously extended a hand. "Don't be afraid you'll break something," I chuckled.

Cora giggled at that and pushed a fingertip between my lips. She looked up at me, I nodded, and she pushed in further. "Good, you're in," I said, "and it feels damn good. Now, turn your hand...that's right, to the left. You're going to touch my G-spot if you just move up...that's it!" A powerful rush of sex tore through me as my sister rubbed her finger along that special spot. My cunt started to throb, and I gasped at her not to stop. She nodded and soon I was cumming hard, soaking her fingers as she had soaked mine.

"Well, you did it," I said. Cora was grinning from ear to ear. "Of course, finger play is only part of what women can do with each other. Tell me, has any of your boyfriends ever eaten you out?"

"No, they just made a mess down there," my sister said. "I mean I know how they'd like to, but—"

"But it takes another woman to really show you how," I said. "Now, you just lie back and spread those legs again."

Jane
Wisconsin

NYMPHO NIECES

Uncle or not, he's hot and they want his cock!

NOT WITH JUST YOUR TONGUE

My parents' washing machine was on the fritz, but it was no biggie. Mom had my Uncle Hank's key to water his plants when he's away on vacation, and she'd never notice if I slipped it off the hook for a few hours. As for Uncle Hank himself, I somehow had the idea that he wouldn't be home until later that evening. No one had mentioned to me that he'd recently changed jobs. So, I let myself into his apartment and tossed a load of dirty laundry into the machine, then decided that I might as well throw in what I was wearing. Uncle Hank would never know that I'd been hanging around his place in the buff, right?

There's something erotic about walking about someone else's apartment completely nude when they don't even know that you're there. My nipples stiffened, and I could feel a slight tingle between my long thighs. As I thumbed through my uncle's DVD collection, I noticed several homemade-

looking discs. Old vacation photos or porn downloads? Hey, he was a red-blooded male, so I figured it for porno. On an impulse, I picked up a disc at random and booted it up.

There was no title or credit roll, no FBI warning about making copies, no sneak previews of other "coming attractions." No, indeed. Instead, we went directly to the action, which seemed to consist of a chubby girl dropping to all fours and wiggling her large dimpled ass in the direction of the camera. Her plump butt cheeks suddenly flopped open, and I realized that she had the ability to clap her cheeks. She did so several times, flashing the viewer repeated looks at her twitching pink butthole. Then she was joined by a panting, grunting male with a huge hard-on. I didn't know if they were professional porn stars or if they were amateurs. Did it really matter? The chubby gal gasped and shuddered, and her butthole suddenly stretched just enough to suck his thrusting prick deep inside.

I sat back on the couch and began to



"Yeah. Do it. Do it now. Fuck me up the ass!' I didn't have to ask twice. My uncle's plump cock thrust expertly into the sex hole that he'd prepared so nicely with his tongue."

rub thoughtfully at my plump, rapidly moistening cunt lips. My clit isn't very big, but it seemed to swell into a little knot of lust beneath my busy fingers. With one ear listening for the sound of the washer to finish, so that I could put my clothes in the dryer, and the rest of my attention focused on the porno, I didn't notice the sound of someone opening the front door. Hell. I wasn't aware that Uncle Hank had come home until he waltzed into the den and caught me with both hands in my own cunny.

"What?" He stood flat-footed, obviously not knowing what to say or do. But the bulge in his pants did the talking for him. I stared, embarrassed but a little amazed, at his immediate, instinctive reaction to catching me involved in my private masturbatory games. My face was red, but so was his. With an inward shrug, I pushed myself off the couch and walked directly over to my uncle. He gasped as I boldly unzipped his pants to reveal his surging eight-inches.

"Nasty, nasty, uncle," I said in a playful voice. "Are you supposed to get all hot and bothered by seeing your own niece naked?"

"Fuck, Carly, I'm a man with a man's equipment," he finally spluttered. "Am I supposed to make excuses for that? What are you doing in my apartment anyway?"

"The laundry." I dropped his cock and twirled on my toes to show off my

nude figure from every angle. "While I was here, I thought I'd wash every-goddamn-thing."

Uncle Hank grunted heavily and then sank to his knees on the worn carpet. I'm not sure what I expected, but it wasn't that. Before I could catch my breath, he was clutching at my bare ass cheeks and pulling them smoothly over his nose. Holy cow. He was more than a connoisseur of butt-fuck porn. He also liked to lick and suck on the real thing. His tongue swished up and down my crack, spinning the tip in a teasing manner each time it connected with my twitching anus. The delightful little sexual tingles that had been mostly concentrated in my clitty, and my plump pussy folds seemed to radiate backward so that I was now trembling deep in my butthole as well.

He actually curled his tongue-tip a little bit to use it as a firm, wet finger that poked in and out of my rear hole. No man had ever done that for me before. My knees sagged, and the insides of my thighs began to quiver. I couldn't take it standing still. With a sudden gasp, I sank to the carpet beside him. Fortunately, he had a firm grip on me, and he followed me all the way down to the floor. I was somehow rolled onto my tummy, but he still had my cheeks spread and his tongue wedged securely inside of my bung. I was rubbing my clit against the carpet without even thinking about it. My

entire body thrashed from head to toe, and suddenly I was cumming in waves that traveled upward to my collarbone and downward to my ankles, but with the most intense part of the climax was just inside of my asshole. I must have squeezed the hell out of his tongue when I anally climaxed like that.

When I stopped shaking so much, he extricated his tongue from my asshole with a last loud popping sound. A long string of dribble came from his lips and rained down on the back of my thighs. I was gooey and disgusting and happy as horny hell. "Not with just your tongue, Uncle Hank," I whispered.

"You mean--?"

"Yeah. Do it. Do it now. Fuck me up the ass!"

I didn't have to ask twice. His plump cock thrust expertly into the sex hole that he'd prepared so nicely with his tongue. Sure, he was a little large, but I savored the snug fit, because it meant I was getting even more delicious friction exactly where I needed it. Somewhere off in the distance, I heard the last thump from the washer, as the spin cycle finished and the machine turned off, but I didn't need to run over to the laundry room just yet. Instead, I rotated my own ass merrily beneath my experienced uncle's clever prick. He'd memorized the location of every sweet spot buried in my asshole, and the places he'd previously tantalized with his tongue were now being super-pleasured with his cock. I screamed and clawed at the carpet, not caring if everyone in the apartment complex could hear me climax. Ultimately, I convulsed in my rear tunnel with such force that I emphatically blasted off my uncle's raging hard-on. We could both

feel the volcanic force of his overheated personal lava spewing into my depths.

My clothes were clean, but I was dirtier than ever. And I couldn't be happier about it!

Carly
North Carolina

UNCLE! YOU'RE NAKED!

There were rumors flying around the family that Uncle Biff's new condo included a small fenced patio complete with a working hot tub. I put on my tiniest bikini and headed over to check it out. If a 21-year-old blonde can't get invited to use your hot tub, nobody can. For the sake of the neighbors, I wore a pink mini-dress over the bikini, but when Uncle Biff answered the door and let me in, I was pulling the dress over my head almost before I'd completely stepped inside.

"Wow," he said. "Is this about me, or is this about my hot tub?"

"There are gold diggers and there are hot tub diggers," I said with a smile. "Guess which one your niece is."

He escorted me to the patio and hit the timer so that the water started to bubble. I sighed in anticipation as I sunk slowly, happily into the churning water. My uncle then hurried to get undressed. He wasn't wearing swim trunks underneath his regular clothes, so he actually skinned down to nothing. Even though I'm 21, I squealed girlishly at the sight of his exposed package, probably because I thought it was expected of me.

"Uncle! You're naked!"

"That's right. I don't normally tub in

a pink bikini. But don't let it stop you." He slipped into the tub right beside me but not before I could see that he was developing one hell of an erection. My uncle is fine-looking, but he's also 36, and I had never really thought of him as a sexual being before. Suddenly, being so close to his throbbing hard-on and all, I was seeing him in a whole new light. Spontaneously, without any forethought at all, I reached over and squeezed his growing cock. He wiggle it inside of my fist, all the better to allow me to appreciate its sheer strength.

"Damn, Uncle Biff. You're really firm."

He rubbed my round titties through my skimpy pink bikini top. "So are you, Suzie. So are you."

Somehow, we were kissing. Was this incest? Did I care? I wriggled my butt over his thighs and began to grind my scantily-clad pussy against his prick. I'd broken up with my boyfriend a few weeks before, and it had been awhile since I'd had any halfway decent sex. This fooling around with my horny uncle was giving me an idea of what I'd been missing. Again, I didn't allow myself to think. I just acted. With a soft coo, I reached low to yank off my bikini bottom. The churning water seemed to tickle me between my butt-cheeks and even more erotically deep inside of my suddenly-bare pussy. I was aroused as hell, and I didn't mind grinding my delta of Venus hard against my uncle's erection. Fuck, no, I didn't mind that one little bit.

"Oh, Lord," he said, sighing softly. "Sit on it. Please, Suzie. Just...sit on it." He sounded as if the words were being tortured out of him, as if he didn't want to admit how much he needed me. But

it was okay. I could tell. A cock doesn't sprout up that high unless a man is truly desperate. Besides, I needed him just as badly as he needed me. I scooted around on his legs and then quickly lifted my pussy to just the right height. The water continued to vibrate between our legs, but I could definitely feel some extra heat coming from his peckerhead. I arranged myself at the perfect angle and then sat down hard. We could both feel his long cock sliding deeply into my love canal. I'd sat down on his dick and taken him just that fast. My own damn uncle.

"I'm fucking you in the hot tub, Uncle Biff," I whispered into his ear. "It isn't a dream. It's really happening."

"Oh, fuck, of course it is. Oh, God. No dream ever felt like this."

His cock continued to reverse jackhammer into my willing pussy. I bounced downward to meet his every stroke. I don't suppose he was that much bigger than the boys my own age, but he felt bigger. It was something about the way that his peckerhead figured out how to connect with my G-spot with every thrust. I kicked and splashed without warning, and he wrapped his arms tightly around me to hold me in place. Otherwise, I was cumming so hard I would have fallen right off his cock.

The timer went off, and the water stopped bubbling. We didn't care. I just kept right on cumming all over his ramrod. He didn't jam right away. Somehow, he had the power to withhold his own ejaculation so that we could focus on my toe-curling orgasms for the first few minutes. Eventually, though, when I was on my third or fourth orgasm, I finally squeezed down

"We could both feel his long cock sliding deeply into my love canal. I'd sat down on his dick and taken him just that fast. My own damn uncle."

so hard that I popped him off whether he was ready or not. His face twisted in all sorts of interesting ways as he struggled not to scream, but a few sexual grunts and groans escaped anyway. Isn't it cute how some guys try not to make any noise when they cum? Haven't they figured out yet that they'll never be able to hold it all back?

After we stopped shaking, my powerful uncle found the strength to actually lift me out of the hot tub and carry me, wet and dripping, to his bedroom. We didn't even stop along the way to dry off. Hell, we were just going to get wet and sweaty again, anyway. I rolled across his mattress, and my legs spun wide open, and this time he was the one on top. As he thrust where I needed it most, I locked my ankles tightly around his back and promised myself that I'd never let him go. My uncle is more than just a free hot tub. Way, way more.

Suzie
Florida

DON'T TEASE ME

It was one of those nice, breezy autumn days that was too warm for the heater but too cool for the A/C. Frank and I opened the window to enjoy the cool air and then giggled together that we'd have to be very, very quiet to keep from being overheard by my Uncle Gary, who happens to live in the apartment next door. We kept the lights off,

too, so that we wouldn't throw shadows on the screen. Still, when Frank gets going, he really knows how to hit all of my moving targets. My pussy did a few back-bends and somersaults all over his prick, and I know I let out a few unauthorized shrieks when he brought me to climax for the fifth time.

I get charged-up by cumming so much, like a lot of women do. After I'd drained Frank dry and let him roll over and go to sleep, I tiptoed to the kitchen to drink a quiet glass of wine white. Then I heard a knock at the front door. What? Who? I looked out the peephole and saw it was Uncle Gary. I threw on my short white terrycloth robe and put a finger over my mouth to let him know to talk quietly after I let him inside.

"Why should I be quiet, when your boyfriend was shaking the rafters of the entire apartment complex?" my uncle groused. I noticed that, despite his bitching, he was whispering, so he didn't really want to wake Frank.

"I'm sorry we disturbed you," I said. "I tried to keep it down but I guess I screwed up."

"I don't really mind, honey. But what if some weirdo overheard you and got turned on?"

I smiled. "What if he did? Then I guess he'd go home and whack off. Is that really such a terrible thing?" I finished my wine and scooted closer to my uncle. Sexed-up from my previous climaxes, I couldn't stop myself from kneading his hard prick through his rough jeans. The "weirdo" was, of

"With a soft sigh, I used my gifted lips to unzip his fly. Before I'd gotten him halfway unwrapped, my uncle was helping me free his cock."

course, my Uncle Gary, but was it really so weird to get horny when you overheard people fucking? I thought it was pretty normal.

"Don't tease me, niece," he breathed, his voice barely audible.

"Who said I was teasing?" I murmured back. I could feel my robe riding up, and I knew that he could see the shiny curves of my naked ass. I didn't care. I didn't want the night to be over. With a soft sigh, I used my gifted lips to unzip his fly. Before I'd gotten him halfway unwrapped, my uncle was helping me free his cock. We both knew how desperate he was. I giggled (very, very softly and surreptitiously) as his nine-inch erection sprang into view.

"I had no idea that you were so well-built," I whispered. I was eye to eye with one of the biggest dicks I'd ever seen outside of a porn video. My lips puckered automatically, and I bent hurriedly to test myself against his hugeness. I had to really stretch the muscles in my face to swallow all of him but it was well worth the effort. I loved how he struggled not to jab the inside of my mouth. The blood was truly pumping in those twisty cock-veins, so much so that I could feel steam burning into my tongue. Talk about tasty. I'd never felt so desired.

I don't know how he kept from screaming when he came. It must have taken a heroic effort. Of course, he did put a great deal of his personal energy into pumping those endless gallons of mouth-filling jizz. I swallowed and swallowed, never missing a drop. Finally,

when he'd emptied out his last spoonful, he rocked back blindly on his heels, and I looked up to see that his eyes were literally rolling in his head from his post-orgasmic excitement. It was obvious that he'd just had one of the more earth-shattering ejaculations of his existence.

We were quiet for a little while, both of us straining our ears to hear if Frank had woken up. I sipped a little more wine and found a can of cheap beer in the back of the fridge for Uncle Gary. After he caught his breath, he put down the beer unfinished and knelt impatiently between my thighs. Having been blown off his perch like that, he probably felt honor-bound to return the favor. I have to admit that I was astounded by how well he used his lips and tongue. You just don't tend to think of your own uncle as an oral maestro, but he was playing me like the proverbial musical instrument. I'd already cum so many times that evening, but I wasn't really satisfied until I climaxed for the final time on my own uncle's mouth.

Katya
Missouri

FUCK YOUR ASS?

I guess we've all heard about that famous series of vampire stories where it's mostly gay guys or the other famous series where the vampire seems content to hold the lady's hand. Well, holy cripes, this book wasn't anything like that. I'd picked up my niece's

"When I couldn't wait any longer, I thrust my hard-on between my niece's buttocks and connected squarely with her anus. It opened at the touch."

novel by chance, expecting a cheesy horror story to pass the time, and instead I found myself reading an orgy scene explicit enough to do a porno movie director proud. Apparently, the female lead was in the middle of what we, back in the seventies, called a good old-fashioned sex sandwich.

Jeri, my niece, chuckled as she entered the room and saw what I was reading. She's 23, so I guess she's old enough to pick her own reading material, but I'm still a concerned uncle.

"This is just porno without pictures," I said.

"What's wrong with that?" she asked. "It lets the imagination work."

My face went red. At 52, I'm too old to blush, but thinking about my niece's sexual imagination will do it to me. I tried to say something intelligent, but no more words came out. Jeri came right up and took the book out of my hands, laughing out loud with delight when she saw where I was reading.

"Oho, the obligatory orgy scene," she said. "There's at least two in every one of her books."

"I, um, I hope not always an anal orgy scene," I finally spat out.

"Oh, why not? She tries to include something for everyone. And of course you have to throw in some anal, because butt-sex is the new modern thing."

"Are you doing it?" I couldn't believe I was asking my own niece such a question. The words seemed to come

out of my mouth of their own volition.

"Sure, if the guy knows how to use a rubber."

She licked her lips, an assessing smile on her face. As her gaze raked the length of my body, I realized that she was trying to judge just how turned-on I'd gotten from reading the dirty book. That assessing look was, itself, enough to make me catch fire. My cock stood up in my jeans and began to dance.

Jeri chuckled softly and unzipped my fly. I made no move to stop her, so it took her less than two minutes to get my boner out in the open.

"Did they have anal sex when you were my age, Uncle?" she asked with a tantalizing giggle.

"At my age, I've forgotten more about anal than you ever knew," I heard myself boast. Actually, that's a fib. Anal is a rare diversion for me, something that I do three or four times a year at the most. But I wanted to pose as an expert in front of my niece.

She began to suck playfully on my hard-on. Her mouth seemed to give my shaft magical little electric shocks that went straight to my balls. Hell, my toes curled into the carpet just to get a better grip, so that I wouldn't fall flat on my ass. My niece was manipulating my cock so expertly that it took me a minute to realize that she was actually using her deft lips to put a rubber over it. "Hey," I said, a weak protest indeed, since I didn't really want to stop her. "What do you think you're doing down there?"

"Well, if you're going to demonstrate your anal expertise to your niece, you need to wear a raincoat, don't you?"

She flicked her tongue down the length of my shaft, testing to see that the condom was placed just right. Dear Lord, I was hard. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been so hard.

"Do you want me to fuck your ass?" Ask a stupid question. Jeri didn't bother to reply. She simply shrugged out of her clothes and stood in front to display her ripe young nudity in all its silken glory. Her pussy had been waxed, so that it was utterly hairless, giving her the look of a life-sized plastic doll. All at once, without warning, we were kissing, our bodies hot and sticky where they rubbed together. I was humping my latex-covered dick hard against her smooth, lithe belly. I couldn't tell her no. I was going to do whatever she wanted me to do.

When she dropped to all-fours and lifted her perfect pear-shaped ass-cheeks high in the air, I impetuously grabbed them with both hands so that I could pull them slightly apart and dip my tongue into her crack. When I couldn't wait any longer, I thrust my hard-on between her buttocks and connected squarely with her anus. It opened at the touch.

I'd never fucked any woman's asshole quite that deeply. But my niece knew, by instinct, exactly how to relax her sphincter just enough to take in every inch I'd ever possessed. She began to shriek as we screwed, a truly delighted shriek. Within minutes, she was cumming with such energy that I could feel the long muscles of her anus massaging my dick from stem to stern. I tried to hold out a moment longer, but

I couldn't. I also screamed as I began to inflate the rubber with the most cum I've squirted in over a decade.

I still wonder what kinky librarian made the choice to stock that book in the public library...but I'm not about to complain. In fact, I've encouraged my niece to bring over more examples of such "inspirational" writing.

Nicolas
Wisconsin

GIFTED COCKSUCKER

You know the worst thing about owning your own business? It isn't the irregular income or the endless tax hassles. It's the fact that, whenever some deadbeat family member can't get any other job, they come to you. This time, the deadbeat in question was Carrie, my 24-year-old niece who had just finished school at a time when there were no jobs to be had for recent college grads.

"I can't give you a job," I explained. "I just laid off twenty experienced employees. I'd get my happy ass sued if I hired an unqualified family member right after something like that."

"Who says I'm unqualified?" Carrie tossed her curly blonde hair over one shoulder and leaned over my desk.

To my stunned surprised, she seemed to be using her mouth to open my fly. As I wriggled around where I sat, her satiny pink lips grasped hold of my cockhead and began to roll it around just inside of her sleek mouth. I had to agree that she was indisputably highly qualified indeed in the area of giving blow jobs. Unfortunately, I still

"I didn't mean to cum without warning down my own niece's throat, but I'd sort of lost control of the situation. I closed my eyes and grunted, helpless to stop myself."

couldn't quite see where this particularly skill would be of much use at a metals recycling plant.

She certainly had a keen way of focusing on the place where shaft met head. Her tongue pressed, again and again, at the precious indentation in my very personal flesh. I squirmed even more restlessly in my chair, but I was unable to summon the willpower required to push her face off my dick. She was just too damn good. As I grew increasingly excited, she relaxed the back of her smooth throat and began to suck/swallow me all the way down. How long had it been since I'd had a true honest-to-God deepthroat job? Getting my wife to suck more than the first two or three inches was always an endless negotiation that usually wasn't worth the effort. I'd forgotten how good a gifted cocksucker could be.

I didn't mean to cum without warning down my own niece's throat, but I'd sort of lost control of the situation. I closed my eyes and grunted, helpless to stop myself. I was shocked at how easily and slickly she gulped everything down. There was no gasping, no dripping—she caught every drop without blinking an eye. I must have gushed for a solid ten minutes before I sputtered out my last and curled up like a dead leaf on her tongue. Only then did she open her mouth and allow me to slide free.

"Unqualified!" she repeated with a sniff. "I think you'll agree that I'm very highly qualified."

"Well, yes, but maybe not for this particular industry," I stammered. I simply didn't know what else to say. I still couldn't explain hiring my niece to anyone, not my wife, not my employees, not a court of law. Yet I was addicted to her mouth after just one taste.

"Get on your knees, Uncle," she murmured. I think now that she did it just to demonstrate how much control she had over me. Of course I obeyed. I was powerless to resist. When I knelt in front of her on my overpriced Persian carpet, I was eye level with her mini-skirted figure. She held herself still like that, just for a moment, and then she began to strip out of her clothes. Her blouse came off, then her bra. Her shoes went flying to opposite ends of the office. She danced a moment in see-through nylons, then pulled them off from underneath the suddenly too-short skirt. And then, last of all, off came the skirt itself. She had no panties to remove, for she obviously hadn't bothered to wear any.

I was face to face with my niece's naked muff.

"Eat it," she said. "Eat me."

I was in no mood to refuse. With a grateful sigh, I pushed my face hard against her sleek thighs and actually rubbed my entire skull into her sweet Venus mound and upper thighs. The ticklish sensation seemed to excite her, because her knees were already wobbling before I started to suck her cunt in earnest. I've developed a technique

where I press my upper lip just below the woman's clit at the same time that I'm slurping the sugar out of her pussy, and Carrie seemed to appreciate this particular specialty of mine.

"Oh, God," she said with a gasp. "That does feel good. Damn, Uncle. I had no idea. And some people say that rich guys are just fucking selfish!"

Well, maybe I am selfish. I suspect that I was getting just as much pleasure from feasting on her pussy as she was getting from my efforts. There's a special kind of power that comes with the ability to make a woman dizzy with sexual satisfaction. My niece truly shook and trembled when she came, her whole body rippling so violently that I could feel her pussy muscles grasping at my tongue-tip when she spasmed. If my wife has ever cum from being eaten, she keeps it a closely held military secret. But Carrie wasn't ashamed to squirm and squirt all down her own thighs as she creamed with a scream all over my lips.

By now, I was hard again. Rock hard. My niece snickered, but it wasn't a mean snicker. It was a happy one. She knew that, for me, she was a goddess of sex that couldn't be resisted, and she intended to reap the benefits. With a playful growl, she pushed me onto my back and then flung herself hard on top of my stiff prick. I couldn't believe how hard and fast she rode me. By the time we'd cum together, I knew what I had to do. I couldn't give her a job with the firm, but I could give her a job on the side. A very private job for which she reported directly to me—the job of being my mistress.

Ethan
New Mexico

YOUR BODY IS PERFECT

I still don't know who sent me the anonymous e-mail. Perhaps I'll never know. It's someone close to me, because they were able to get into my mailbox and change my settings so that the mail didn't end up in the junk box, where I would never see it. Instead, it turned up in my inbox, where I opened it to find a most unusual photograph of my 24-year-old niece, Sharyn. She was wearing absolutely nothing except for some translucent pantyhose, the kind with nude toes and crotch, so that her lovely polished pink toenails and exquisitely smooth waxed pussy showed through. I gawked at the photo.

Now I'm wondering if Sharyn herself sent it. Did she somehow already know about my pantyhose fetish? As her uncle, and the older brother to her father, I'm from a different generation, and I'd always assumed that the wild gossip about my younger days would never be known to kids her age. But maybe somehow, some way? Yet, when I picked up the phone and called her, she denied knowing anything about it.

"Maybe I'd better come over and have a look at this e-mail," she said. "Maybe it's a stalker or something sending it."

"Um, why not?" It was her photo. I figured she had a right to check it out.

She was over at my place in less than half an hour. I felt queasy, but also a little aroused, as she sat there inspecting the picture. "It isn't me," she said. "I never posed for this photo."

"But it looks just like you."

"The face looks a little like me. But the body is too perfect."

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"Her cunt felt unusually tight because of the way my niece held her legs close together, but it somehow expanded just enough to take every inch of my cock."

"Your body is perfect."

"Ha." Without warning, she stepped free of her long black secretary's skirt. Like the girl in the photo, she was wearing those translucent pantyhose, so that her hairless crotch was immediately revealed. When she kicked off her high-heeled pumps, I could see that she was even wearing the same color of toenail polish, which flickered the same way within the see-through fabric. I couldn't help but reach for her, to touch her, to squeeze her.

"It is you, it's exactly like you." I couldn't stop myself from licking her pussy through the nylon. My fetish is that strong. She was no longer a niece to me, but instead a desirable young woman. I began to rub my nose playfully against her clit, a technique that I knew would send electric sparks deep into her trembling love button. Sharyn sighed an intensely sexy sigh.

"What are you doing, Uncle?" she asked.

"You know exactly what I'm doing."

I helped her out of her sweater and bra, and she helped me out of every stitch of clothing that I wore. The scene wasn't about tracking down an illicit e-mail, if it had ever been about that. It was all about seduction. I shivered with anticipation when she used her deft mouth and quick hands to glide the rubber onto my throbbing cock. She hadn't yet removed the pantyhose, and when she pushed me down on my back, she began to rub her entire lower

body against my nudity. I'm a naturally hairy man, especially my legs, and now I was the one who was getting the delicious little electric sparks. How does nylon against skin and hair do that? I could feel every nerve ending catch fire.

"Take me," I begged her. "If you want me, I'm yours."

She rolled the pantyhose, partly down her thighs so that she bared her pussy but left her thighs trapped rather close together. I was surprised at how sexy it felt to have my cock grasped in that way. Her cunt felt unusually tight because of the way my niece held her legs close together, but it somehow expanded just enough to take every inch of my cock. Lower down, where her legs were still sheathed in nylon, they continued to rub electrically against my naked skin. I was on fire from peckerhead to curled-up toes, and I was really just lying there, letting my niece have me. Letting her ride me. She bounced faster and faster, and it was like firecrackers going off in a string of explosions when we started to cum together.

Afterward, she erased the e-mail from my computer so I no longer have the picture of my tantalizing niece wearing nothing but her see-through pantyhose. She can't erase my memories, though. I won't soon forget what turned out to be the best fuck I've had all year.

Jack
Maine

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